Bloodborne

THE DEATH OF SLEEP

DELUXE EDITION

KOT | KOWALSKI | SIMPSON

Bloodborne

DELUXE EDITION

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BLOODBORNE: THE DEATH OF SLEEP DELUXE EDITION
9781787747494

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144 Southwark Street, London, SE1 0UP

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A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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First Published September 2025
Printed in China

EU RP
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Bloodborne
THE DEATH OF SLEEP
DELUXE EDITION

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ORIGINAL GAME
PUBLISHED BY
SONY INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
DEVELOPED BY:
FROMSOFTWARE, INC.

#1 COVER A
BY
JEFF STOKELY

Does the nightmare ever end?

I am awake again. Am I awake?
This is not my first time.
KLINK
I've been here before.
POP
WHOOSH

I remember you all.

SPLISH
Why do I remember you all?

BLAM
SHKT

SLTCH
OPEN THE DAMN GATE AND SAVE YOURSELVES! THE CATHEDRAL IS BURNING!
NO, DEAR HUNTER. YOU GET IN.
YOUR FATE WON'T WAIT FOREVER.

WELCOME BACK, MY FRIEND.

WHAT DO YOU...
NO TIME. FOLLOW ME. THEY WILL BE HERE SOON, AND I DO NOT WANT TO KILL THEM. THEY ARE *INFECTED.* NOT MONSTERS.
THE HEALING CHURCH. ***THOSE*** ARE THE TRUE BEASTS...I HAVE TOLD THEM, MANY HUNTERS, EVEN GEHRMAN, BUT WOULD THEY EVER LISTEN?
THE BEASTS DO NOT VENTURE ABOVE, AND MEAN NO HARM TO ANYONE.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE HORRIFIC THAN THE HUNT. IN CASE YOU'VE FAILED TO REALIZE...
EVEN MY POWDER KEGS BARELY LISTEN TO ME ANYMORE. THEY THINK I MUST HAVE LOST MY MIND, NOT WANTING TO HURT THE BEASTS, BUT THE BEASTS, THEY WERE HUMAN ONCE, THEY STILL ARE...
...WOULDN'T IT BE GOOD IF WE ALL HAD A CHANCE AT A ***TRUE*** NEW BEGINNING, ONE NOT BOUND BY CIRCLES OF TIME AND FOLLIES OF THE CHURCH?

MEET THE CHILD, HUNTER.
I BELIEVE IT IS WHAT YOU SEEK.
I AM NOT SEEKING A CHILD.
YOU ARE SEEKING *PALEBLOOD* TO TRANSCEND THE HUNT, ARE YOU NOT?

SHOW HIM, CHILD.

YOU MUST GO NOW. I CANNOT LEAVE OLD YHARNAM--MY DUTY IS TO ITS PEOPLE. BUT YOU AND THE CHILD, YOU MUST DO WHAT YOU MUST DO. I'LL SHOW YOU TO THE SECRET WAY OUT.
ME AND MY POWDER KEGS WILL TRANSPORT OUR SUPPLIES OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL AND FIND A WAY TO HELP THESE POOR PEOPLE--
BUT YOU, YOU HAVE THE WHOLE NIGHT TO DREAM. MAKE THE BEST OF IT, DEAR HU--
First, there is the smell. Of rotten meat and decaying bone. Of pus oozing from a wound.
OH, NO.
Then the sound, a shriek--a razor under a nail.

How do I already know what is out there?
STAY PUT, CHILD. AND *HIDE*.
A rotten, foul smell.

BLAM
The black heart of the nightmare pumps bile and pain.

...You.
...again?

WE HAVE TO WITHDRAW! *THE KEGS!* THE KEGS WILL EXPLODE!
DON'T HURT THEM! FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T HURT THE PEOPLE!

SHHNK

YOU DIED

WELCOME HOME, GOOD HUNTER.
WHAT IS IT YOU DESIRE?
AH. YOU AGAIN.
TO SLEEP. I DESIRE TO SLEEP. FOREVER.
TO SLEEP? ON THE NIGHT OF THE HUNT?

PLEASE, HUNTER.
I THINK NOT.
THIS TERRIBLE HUNTER'S DREAM.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE FREE OF IT, HUNTER?
THEN SEEK PALEBLOOD TO TRANSCEND THE HUNT.

AND SO THE HUNTER GOES. BACK INTO THE NIGHTMARE.
I AM TIRED, DOLL.
OH, TO BE FREED OF THE NIGHT, AND FIND DEATH OF SLEEP...
...THE WAIT IS TAKING SO VERY LONG.

Does it ever end?
I am awake again. Am I awake?
BLAM
WELCOME BACK, MY FRIEND.
I must go into the light. I must seek paleblood...
CHILD. LISTEN.
WE MUST GO ON A JOURNEY.

...and leave the nightmare.

#2 COVER A
BY
DAMIEN WORM

I remember a child.
WHAT IS IT, CHILD? WE MUST HURRY.
Was it this one? No. It does not seem so.

CHILD?
I remember--

I remember a place between the worlds.
A lake where time buckles and folds.
A child thrown into fire.
Sacraments of the old blood.
Yharnam dancing in celebration of the maze.

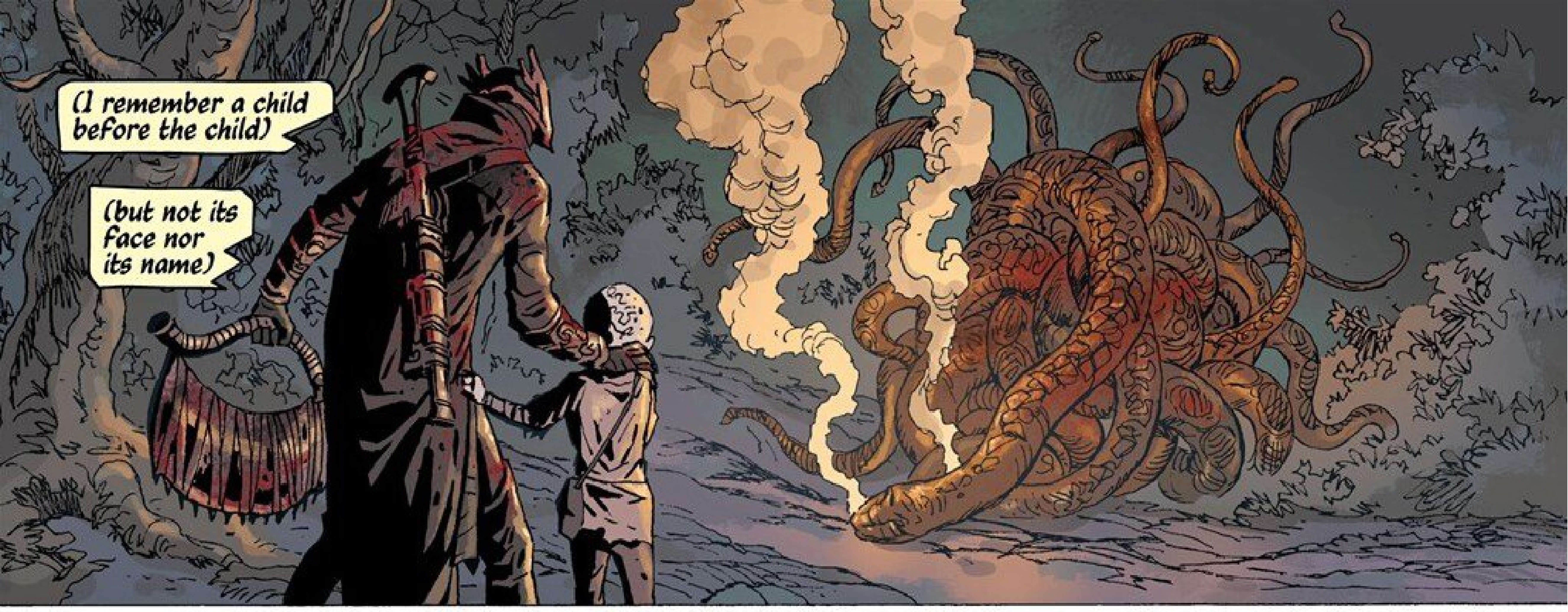
THE CHURCH HAD MADE TOO MANY MISTAKES.
THERE WAS A CHILD...
I...
...MUST WE DESECRATE OURSELVES TO BE REMINDED OF OUR WORTH? AT LEAST I DO KNOW OF A HEALER WHO MAY HELP...
STOP.

THWK

"A hunter must hunt."
Was it you, Gehrman, who first said this to me?
Or you, old friend Eileen? Or you, my strange doll?
What a pity, to miss the fortunate moment.

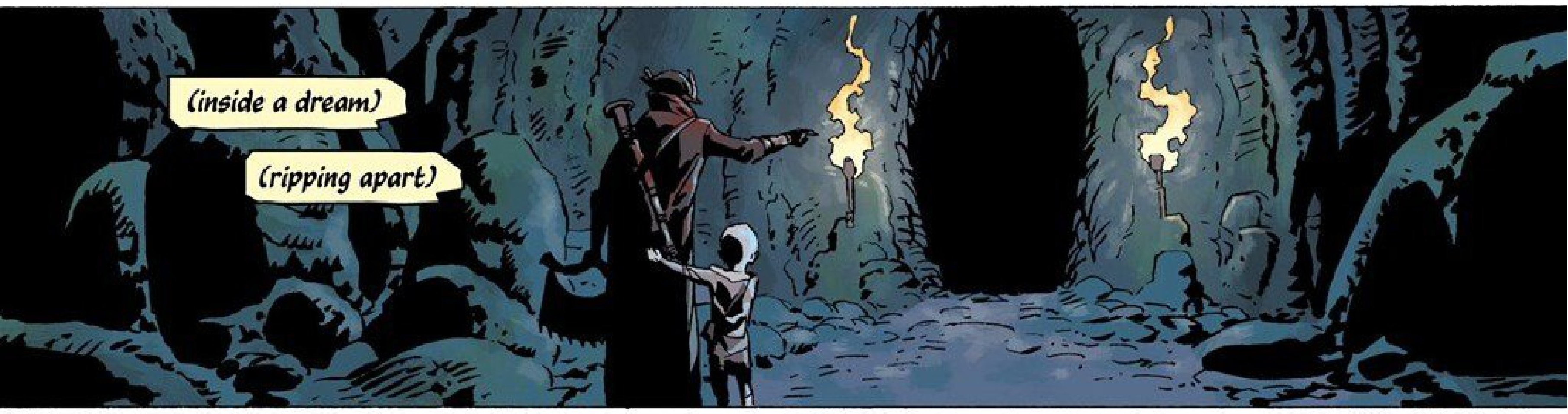
What a blessing, to know a hunter may die showing the prey that a hunter is never afraid.
There is a voice inside my head.
I do not remember who it belongs to.
Hunters are killers, but is it all we are?
SFSHH
Ah, the time Eileen and I practiced on the rooftops of the cathedral ward...
Fare well, child. Perhaps I shall see you again.

No.
The hunters are killers.
(once upon a time, the size of the moon would tell me the difference between the dream and the waking world)
(the waking world)
The hunters are killers
Killers
(is the dream a)
nothing
(nightmare or is the nightmare)
more.
(the waking world)


(I remember a child before the child)
(but not its face nor its name)

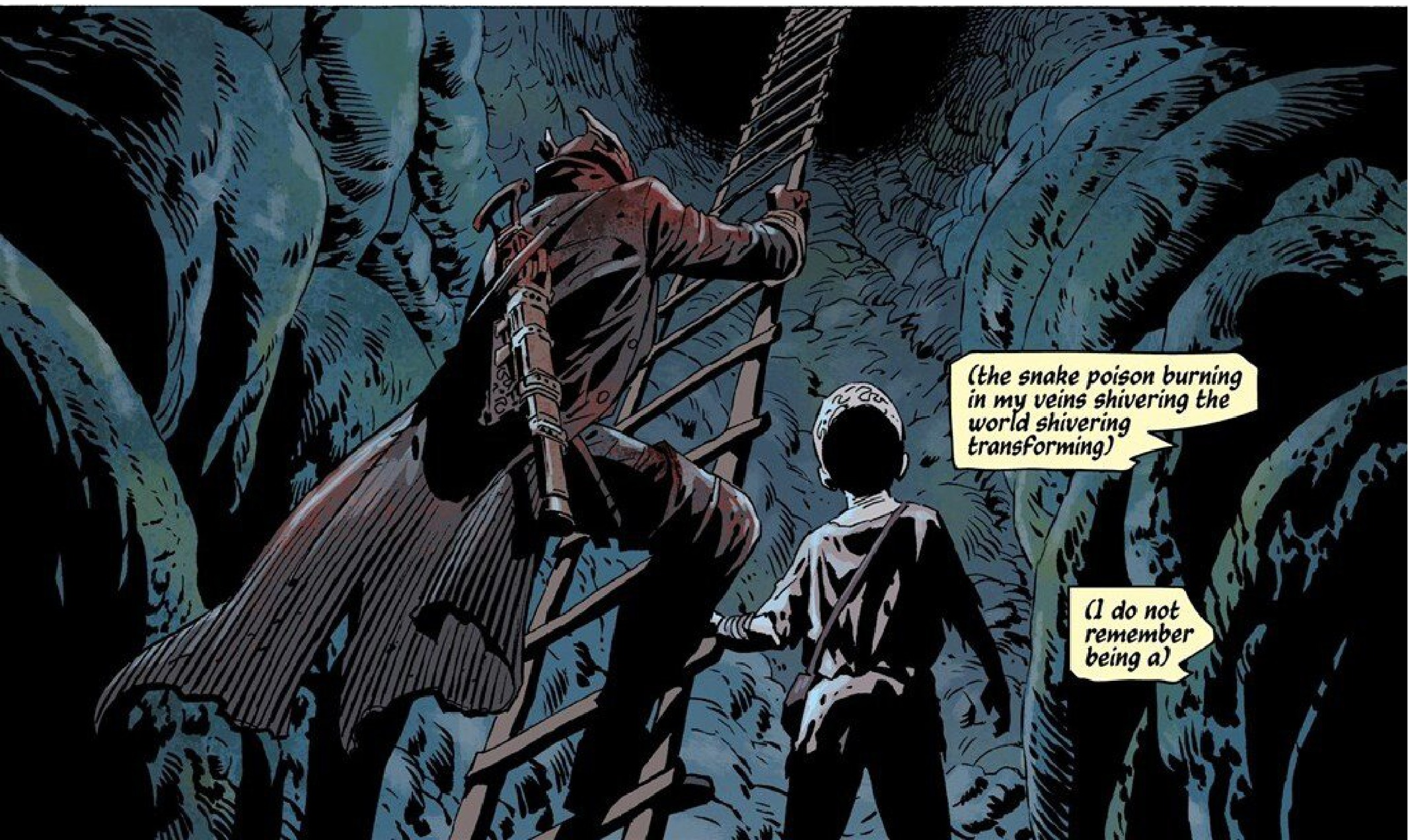
(I remember a child the way one remembers a tale told around a campfire burning)

(inside their head)


(inside a dream)
(ripping apart)

(what am I)

(was I ever a child)


(the snake poison burning in my veins shivering the world shivering transforming)
(I do not remember being a)

OH, DEAR HUNTER.
I APOLOGIZE FOR MY MEDICAL CURIOSITY. I HAVE PARTIALLY UNDRESSED YOU TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF YOUR WOUNDS...AND HEAL THEM.
YOU WILL BE VERY WELL SOON, I PROMISE. I HAVE GIVEN YOU SOME OF THE BEST BLOOD FROM THE LIBRARY.
WHAT ARE YOU? A MAN? A WOMAN? WITH YOU, I COULD NEVER TELL.
I AM...A HUNTER.
HELLO, IOSEFKA.

THE CHILD IS SAFE. I KEEP IT IN A SEPARATE ROOM, IN CASE IT CARRIES THE BEASTLY CURSE...
...YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, DEAR HUNTER. HOW FOOLISH OF YOU...
...DON'T YOU KNOW I CAN NOT EXPOSE MY PATIENTS TO ANY RISK OF INFECTION?
THANK YOU. FOR LETTING US IN.
OH, HUNTER. HOW COULD I TURN AWAY A CHILD?
THERE IS SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT THAT ONE.

"MAY I...LEAVE THE CHILD IN YOUR CARE FOR A FEW MOMENTS, AND USE THE LAMP?
"I MUST SEE... GEHRMAN.
"MY GOODNESS, OF COURSE.
"AND REMEMBER, MY DEAR HUNTER: THE NIGHT IS LONG, BUT THE MORNING ALWAYS COMES..."
GEHRMAN.

HUNTER. YOU ARE WOUNDED.
THE PALEBLOOD...
I HAVE FOUND IT. IT IS THE CHILD.
I AM GOING TO...TRANSCEND THE HUNT.
THE CHILD, YOU SAY?
AH. PERHAPS IT IS. OR PERHAPS... WELL, MY DEAR HUNTER. PERHAPS YOU MUST FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.
ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU MAY NOT PREFER TO SIMPLY GO AND KILL A FEW BEASTS? IT'S WHAT HUNTERS DO...
ITS EYES ARE EVERYWHERE... ITS PRESENCE... NOT ONLY IN THIS TERRIBLE HUNTER'S DREAM...
WHERE IS...THE DOLL?
PERHAPS THE DOLL IS DREAMING TOO... IF A DOLL CAN DREAM, THAT IS.
WOULDN'T THAT BE SUCH A MAJESTIC FEAT?

HOW LONG...HAVE I BEEN HERE...
NOT AS LONG AS I, KEEN HUNTER.
NOT AS LONG AS I.
THIS DREAM...IS A NIGHTMARE.
BUT EVEN IN A NIGHTMARE... ACTS OF GOOD PERHAPS MATTER...
AH...AS DEAR LOGARIUS SAID ONCE, ACTS OF GOODNESS ARE NOT ALWAYS WISE, AND ACTS OF EVIL ARE NOT ALWAYS FOOLISH, BUT REGARDLESS, WE SHALL ALWAYS STRIVE TO BE GOOD...
LEAVE, HUNTER... DON'T WAIT TO ASK QUESTIONS OF THE DOLL, IT WON'T GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR...
GO, BEFORE THE PRESENCE HEARS US...

GOODBYE, GEHRMAN.
GOODBYE, HUNTER.
I PRAY FOR YOU.
I PRAY FOR US ALL.

...HUNTER... SHHHH.
HUNTER.
COME HERE. HIDE.

WELCOME TO MY BLOOD LIBRARY.
I MUST GO AND FACE--
YOU MUST WAIT, AND THEN LEAVE.
ALL MY PATIENTS ARE SECURE IN THE HIGH WING, BUT YOU AND THE CHILD...I UNDERSTAND THE FOUL BEAST FOLLOWED YOU HERE?
I AM NOT ANGERED, BUT YOU CAN NOT FIGHT ON THESE GROUNDS AND RISK FURTHER CONTAMINATION OF MY CLINIC. ONCE IT LEAVES...YOU MUST GO AS WELL.
I DO NOT...
I'M AFRAID NOTHING WILL CHANGE MY MIND. NOT EVEN YOU, MY DEAREST HUNTER.
ONCE YOU LEAVE, I WILL LOCK THE DOORS UNTIL THE HUNT IS OVER... AND NOT OPEN TO ANOTHER HUNTER. I WILL PRAY FOR YOUR SAFETY, AND FRUITFUL HUNT.
THE HUNT IS NO MORE. WE REQUIRE MAPS. ANYTHING THAT CAN HELP US FIND THE FASTEST WAY TO THE OLD FISHING HAMLET AND PROCURE A BOAT...
...FOR I WILL HELP THE CHILD ESCAPE.
IT IS A PALEBLOOD.

THE BEAST IS GONE.
HOW--
I MADE IT LEAVE.

Iosefka. I remember the smell of your skin.
Soft, subtle markings. Then overwhelm. Honey and bitter medicines.
OH, YOU HORRIBLE THING...
In another world, we could have seen each other again.
In another world...

...not this cursed dream.
...WHAT DID YOU HAVE ME DO?

#3 COVER A

BY
PIOTR KOWALSKI
& BRAD SIMPSON

AND WHY ARE THERE CHAINS ON SOME OF THE COFFINS?
AND TO THINK I SUSPECTED YOU DEPRIVED OF SPEECH, CHILD.
I APOLOGIZE, HUNTER.
NOTHING TO APOLOGIZE FOR. IT'S A GOOD QUESTION. THE ANSWERS DIVIDE, AND I AM NOT ONE TO ASSIGN CERTAINTY TO PATTERNS WHICH ESCAPE THE WHOLENESS OF PERCEPTION.

SOME SAY IT'S BECAUSE WEALTHIER CITIZENS LOCK THE COFFINS OF THEIR FAMILY MEMBERS SO THE CHURCH CAN NOT GET IN AND USE THE BODIES OF THEIR BELOVED FOR THEIR RITUALS.
OTHERS SAY IT'S BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT THE BEASTS TO GET OUT.
WHAT IS YOUR OPINION, CHILD?
WHAT IS AN OPINION?
AN IDEA THAT DEFORMS ITSELF INTO THINKING IT'S A FACT.
I AM NOT SURE I HARBOR ANY. SHOULD I?
I SUSPECT YOU ARE FINE THE WAY YOU ARE.

HUNTER. MAY I BORROW A CLOTH?
OF COURSE. WHAT IS IT YOU NEED A CLOTH FOR?
MY EYES.
I CAN'T SEE.

Some would say the child bleeds paleblood, hence it must be it.
Others would say the paleblood is only the moon above us, yet the moon is not always the color of paleblood. I have heard of hunters who returned from other realms, hunters gone past themselves, whispering about the paleblood sky.
When the red moon hangs low, the line between man and beast is blurred, they say. But even with the moon, pale as it is above me now, I wonder--what separates us from the beasts?
On the run, hunted like monsters, and beastly in our demeanor ourselves. For how could a mere child deter a horror ten times its size?
For why would a hunter not remember their own childhood, but only see fog?

Perhaps, shall I save you, help you leave this godforsaken place--I shall return to myself.
There must be more than the hunt.
There must be.
The scream of the beast stalking us takes my mind away from such considerations. An eerie, elongated sound, a saw gnawing on the ribs, borne within a rotting stomach.
An howl of desire to eat and be eaten, acidic and haunted.
I do not turn back to see.

IS YOUR SIGHT BETTER, CHILD?
YES, I WILL BE ABLE TO WALK AGAIN.
IF YOU'RE NEVER COLD, WHY THE BLANKET?
I FIND THE SENSATION... COMFORTING.
TELL ME... WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
ALL I REMEMBER IS...A SEA OF FOG.
PERHAPS I WAS ASLEEP. THEN I AWOKE.

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE GOOD TO SLEEP NOW, SO YOU CAN BE RESTED FOR THE REST OF OUR JOURNEY.
PERHAPS, YES.
DO YOU WORRY ABOUT THE BEAST, HUNTER?
THE ONE ON OUR HEELS? I SUSPECT WE STILL HAVE A GOOD DAY ON IT. IF YOU SLEEP A LITTLE, WE SHOULD BE ON OUR WAY WELL BEFORE IT REACHES THESE RUINS.
AH. I KNOW THAT. I MEANT THE ONE ABOVE US...
WHY, CHILD. THERE'S NO SUCH THING ABOVE US.
AH, YES. MY SIGHT MUST STILL BE CONFUSING ME.
I BETTER SLEEP, THEN.

GOOD NIGHT, HUNTER.

IT WILL CATCH UP WITH US SOON.

NO MORE RUNNING.

I stay awake.
I don't remember sleep any longer. Nor am I certain that I remember the difference between it and waking.
I remember only the hunt. Dying and returning, forever a circle, an inescapable, bleeding hollow in the side of the world.
I hide the child and wait.
The hunt finds me.

And the hunter...
...the hunter must hunt.

In the hunt, I find my center.
I stop clinging to exhaustion. I abandon desire.
I let go of words, concepts, pasts and futures.
All I am is blood, in movement, dancing with blood.
In the hunt, life is endless.

Then it's over.
I shall die. I shall awaken again.
I have done this thousands of times, but for the first time, I give in.
I am at peace.
SNF

...HIDE...
COVER YOUR EARS, HUNTER.

HURM.

HELP ME UP, CHILD.

#4 COVER A
BY
VANESA DEL REY

The nightmare ends here.
It must.

Can it be?
Iosefka told me there were boats here, perhaps even ships.
If so, a strange shimmer obscures them, as if there slithers a boundary between the water and where we stand.
Here, in the fishing hamlet, all is mud...
IT BEGAN HERE, DIDN'T IT?
...and mud is all.

UGGHH--
WHAT IS IT, CHILD?
JUST... HUNGER.
WE SHALL SEE IF WE CAN DISCOVER MORE SUPPLIES INSIDE THE HUTS. BUT WE MUST BE QUICK. WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE...
...I DO NOT BELIEVE THE VILLAGERS ARE GONE FOREVER.
Mud and blood.

HE LEFT A MESSAGE FOR YOU.
This place... is new.
WHO...
This place...I do not remember.
...HOW DO YOU...
The smell of dead fish and seaweed left to rot. A wetness that slinks past the meat and into the bone; a wetness not only of the ground and the air, but of the mind also.
As if there is something else with us, large, alive and old past comprehension, the village but a part of its molding, broken chest, writhing with every breath.

My hunter,

You will never know the true nature of paleblood. You think it is the child, and it well could be, but I myself no longer know with any certainty. Perhaps it is the paleblood moon when it descends? Perhaps it is ...Well, Laurence would tell you. Oh, you would have liked each other, I suppose ...Alas, he is no more.

There comes a time when the hunter must either accept or reject the beast—this I know.

I can not tell you where the nightmare ends. Nor where it begins. I knew once, and now all I know is that I, too, want to be free of it. Yet it holds me in its thrall, and refuses to acquiesce to my desire.

I am weak, dear hunter.

I began this letter knowing...And now I only remember I truly do not know anything at all.

How can I know what your choice is when I have forgotten my own?

Once upon a time, I was true. I only wish to be so again. Yet I cannot tell what that is, what it means anymore, and the wait...

...The wait is taking so very long.

Farewell, hunter.

— Gehrman

...WHAT ARE YOU?
...I ONLY KNOW I AM A CHILD.
HURM.

NOTHING HERE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, CHILD?
EVERYTHING IS ROTTEN. WILL YOU SURVIVE, HUNTER?
IT'S KIND OF YOU TO BE CONCERNED FOR ME, BUT OUR RATIONS SHOULD SUSTAIN US BOTH FOR NINE DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE WATER.
WE MUST TAKE A RISK AND FIND A BOAT NOW. THIS PLACE FEELS POISONED.
ME AS WELL. IT'S BEEN GETTING STEADILY WORSE SINCE WE LEFT THE CITY.
I MEAN THAT AS A...
...DO YOU FEEL SICK, THEN?
I HAVE ALWAYS FELT SICK. PERHAPS THAT IS MY HEALTH.

I APOLOGIZE...
NO.
DO NO SUCH THING.

THANK YOU... HUNTER...
THANK ME WHEN WE LEAVE THIS GODFORSAKEN PLACE.
...DO YOU...SEE THEM?
DO I SEE...WHAT, CHILD?

THEM.

A strange shimmer.
I...I DON'T SEE A THING.
THEN I SHALL LEAD YOU.

STEP CAREFULLY, HUNTER...
STOP.
THREE STEPS TO THE RIGHT...

STOP.
DO NOT MOVE...
NOW FOUR STEPS TO THE LEFT AND FORWARD...

. . . NOW FORWARD STILL.
I am not certain when the child's voice begins to change.
WE ARE ALMOST THERE . . .
I only recognize it in the response of my skin.
WE ARE SAFE NOW.
The hair on my arms arisen the way of dead grass in a steady wind.

I CAN SEE BOATS.
Does it ever end?
GOOOOD. ≈SLLNKLLK≈
GOOD.
If I close my eyes and fall asleep, will I die?
HUNTER?
...YES?
The child's voice a hundred leper's feet pushing into the mud.

WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?

…I WILL… UNDERSTAND…
PERHAPS I AM… NOT…
…WHAT YOU… SEEK… AFTER ALL…

I know now.
I THINK... I WAS A HUMAN CHILD ONCE.
The nightmare never ends.
...WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?
No-one escapes the pull of the hunt.
...IS THAT YOU, UNCLE DJURA?
EVEN MY POWDER KEGS BARELY LISTEN TO ME. THEY THINK I MUST HAVE LOST MY MIND, NOT WANTING TO HURT THE BEASTS, BUT THE BEASTS, THEY WERE HUMAN ONCE, THEY STILL ARE...

No.
Perhaps neither of us belongs to the nightmare.

Perhaps the nightmare itself is much less terrifying than what I have seen in the child's face.
I was terrified. But what stared back at me was not the nightmare...
...It was uncertainty.
Who am I to abandon my sanity to the hunt this way?

I close my eyes and listen to the waves.
Come what may.
END...?

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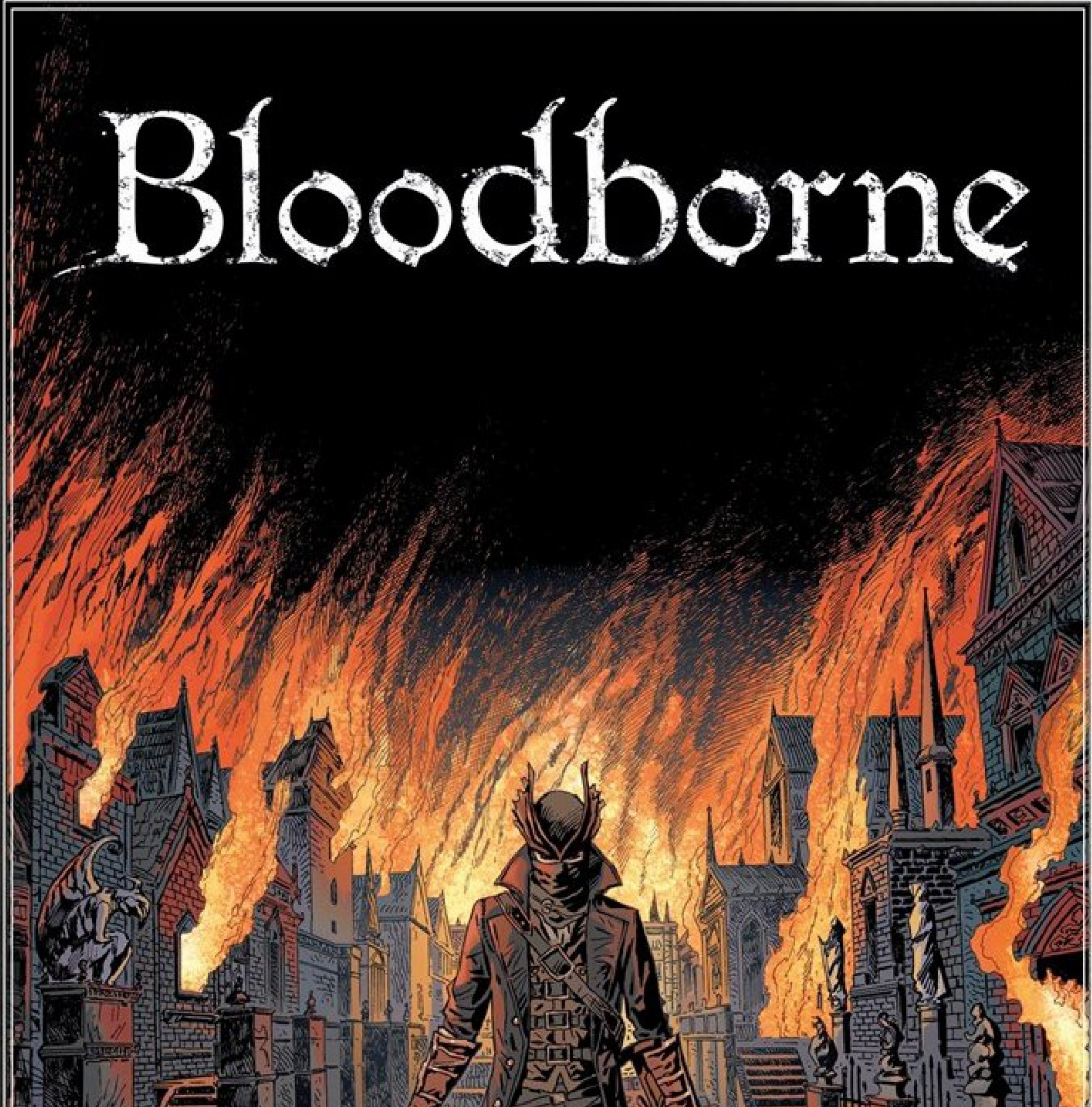
COVER GALLERY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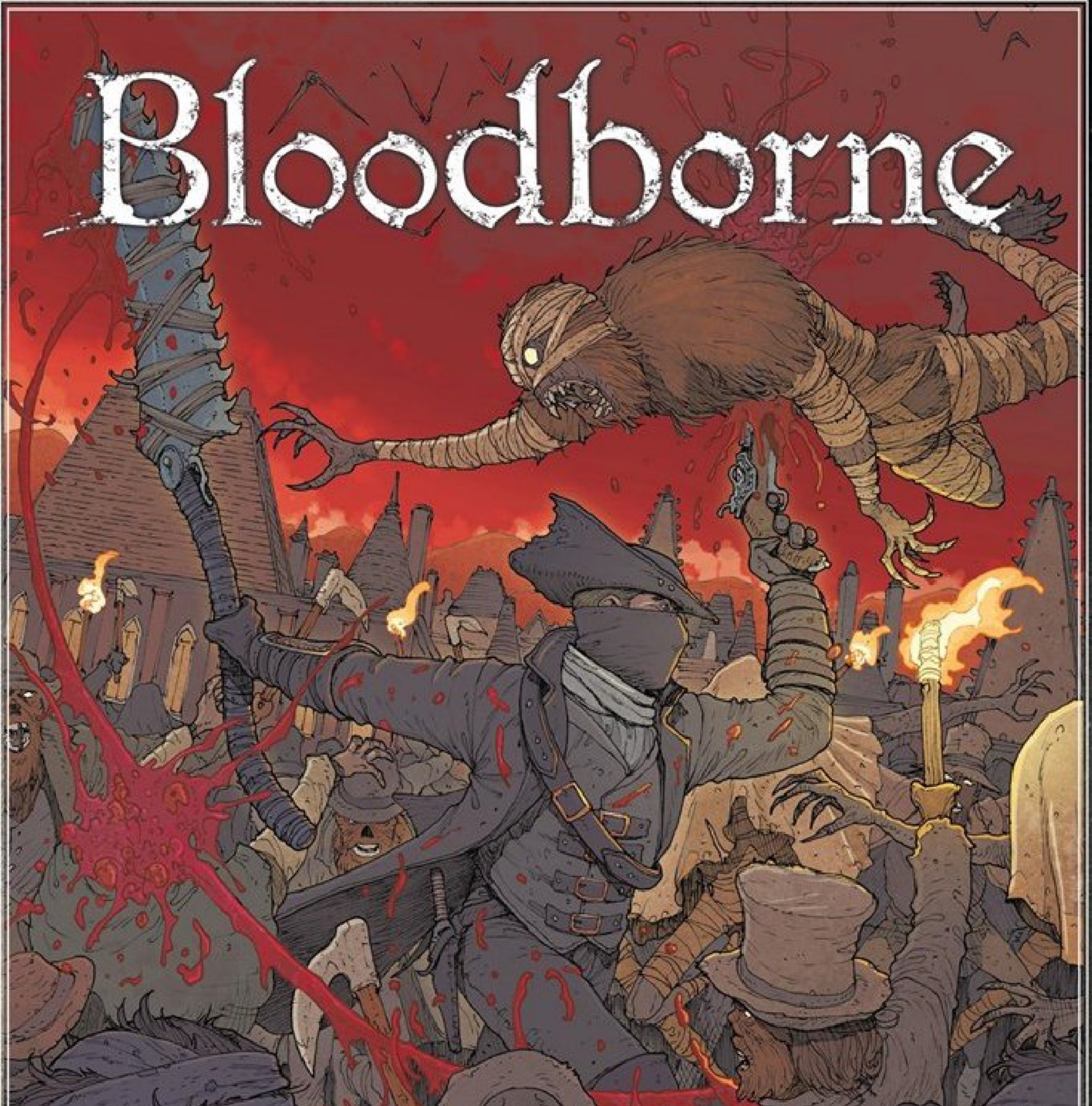
PIOTR KOWALSKI
& BRAD SIMPSON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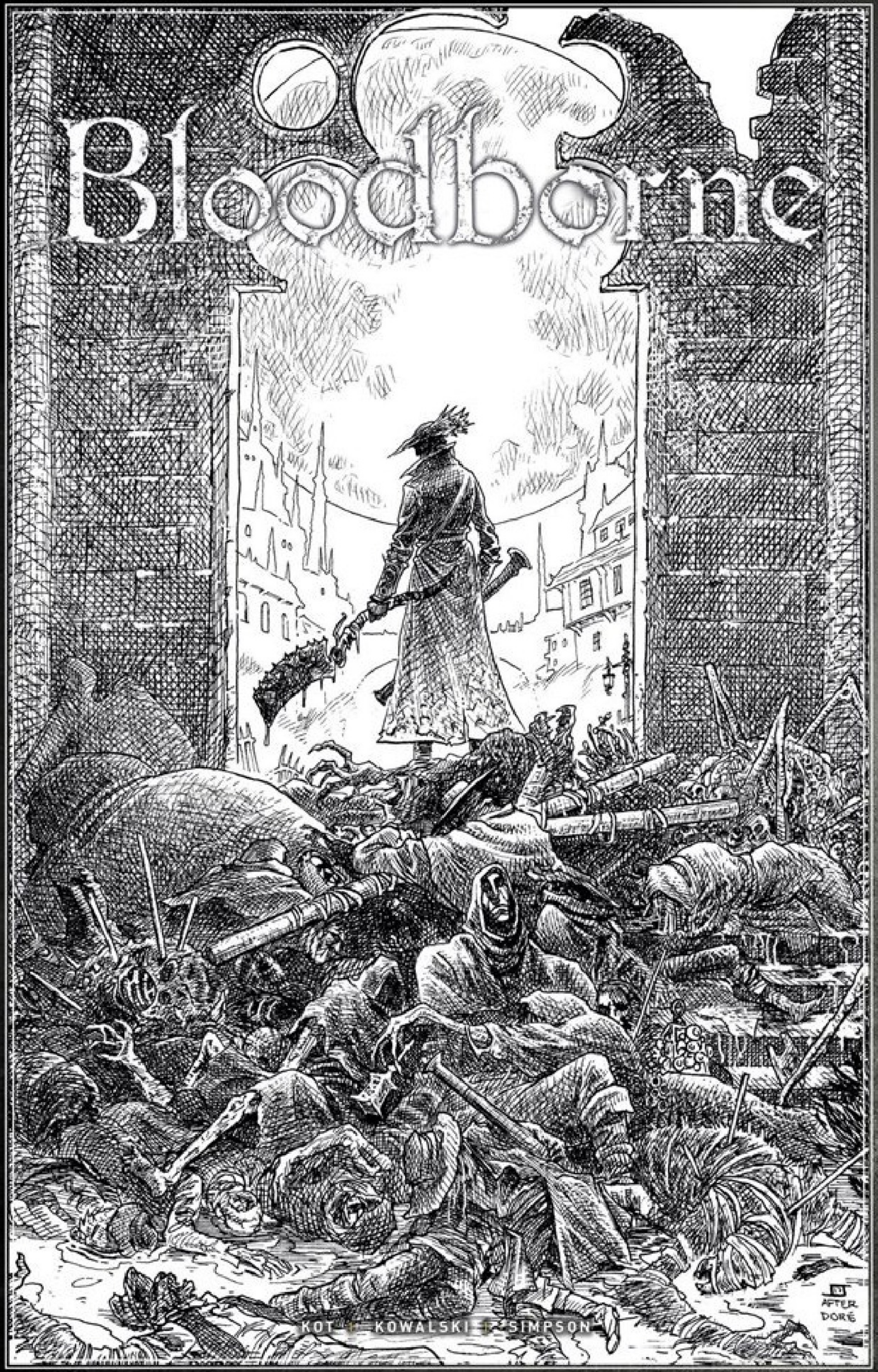
ISSUE #1 COVER D
ANDRE LIMA ARAUJO
& CHRIS O'HALLORAN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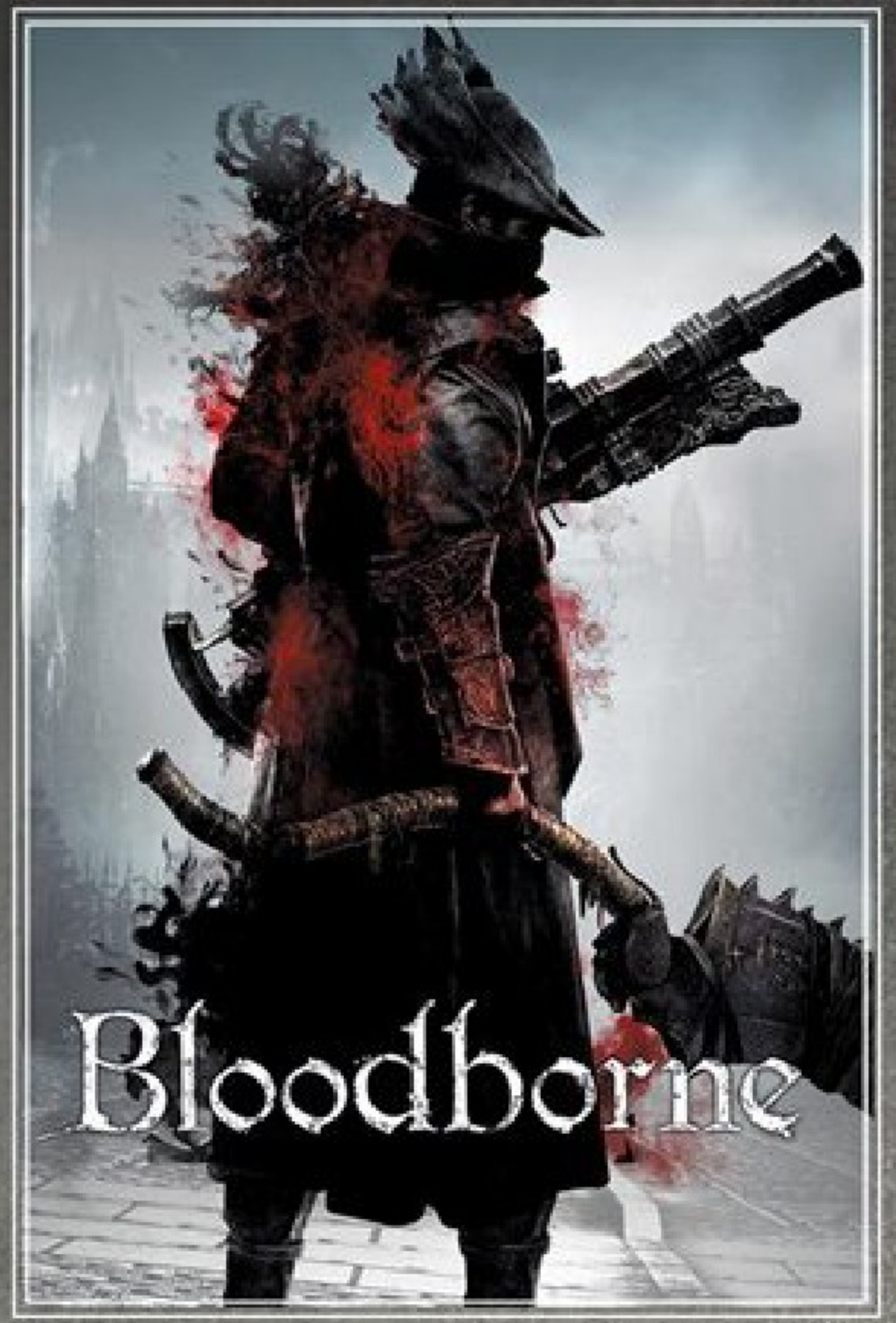
REPRINT COVER A
JEFF STOKELY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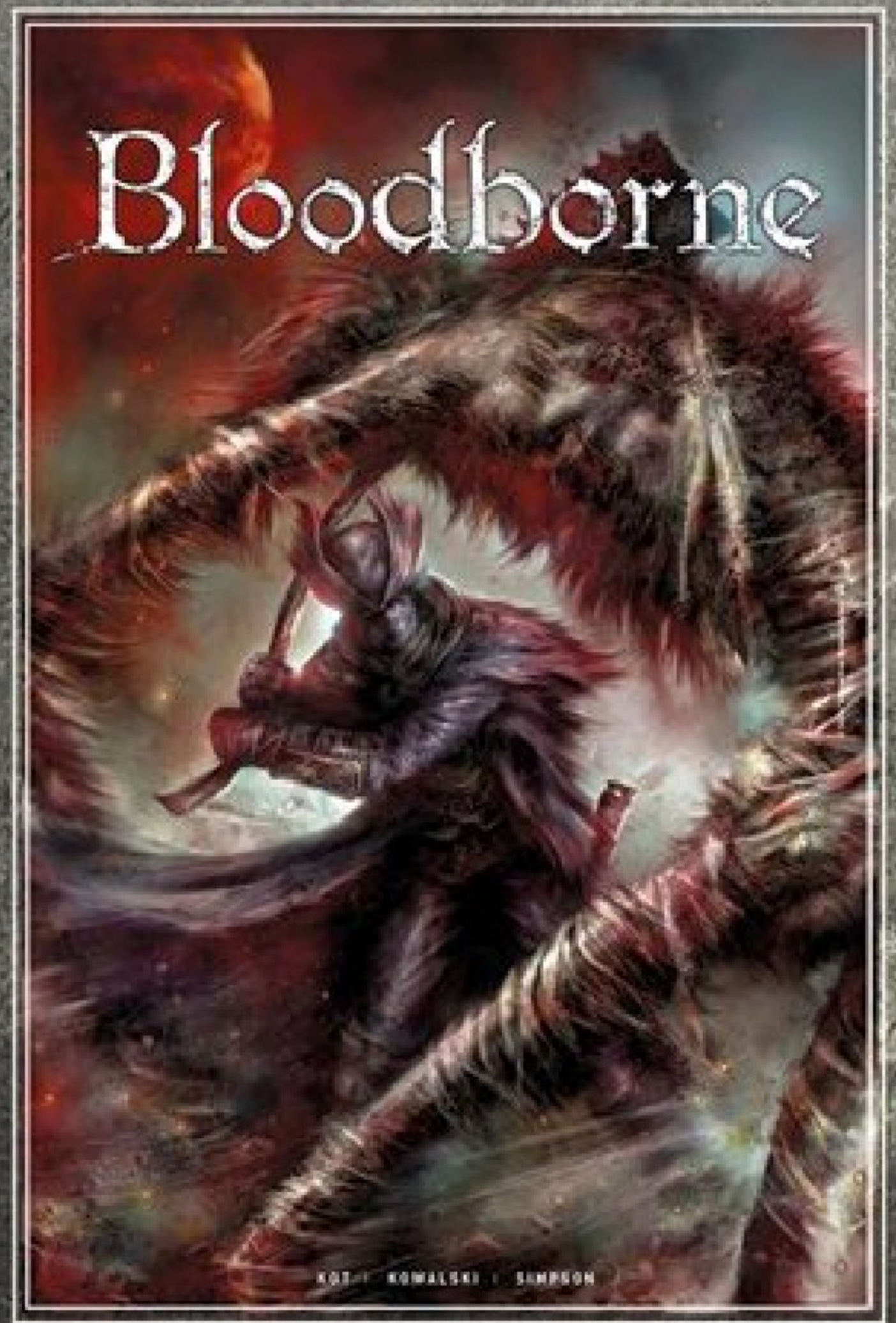
GAME COVER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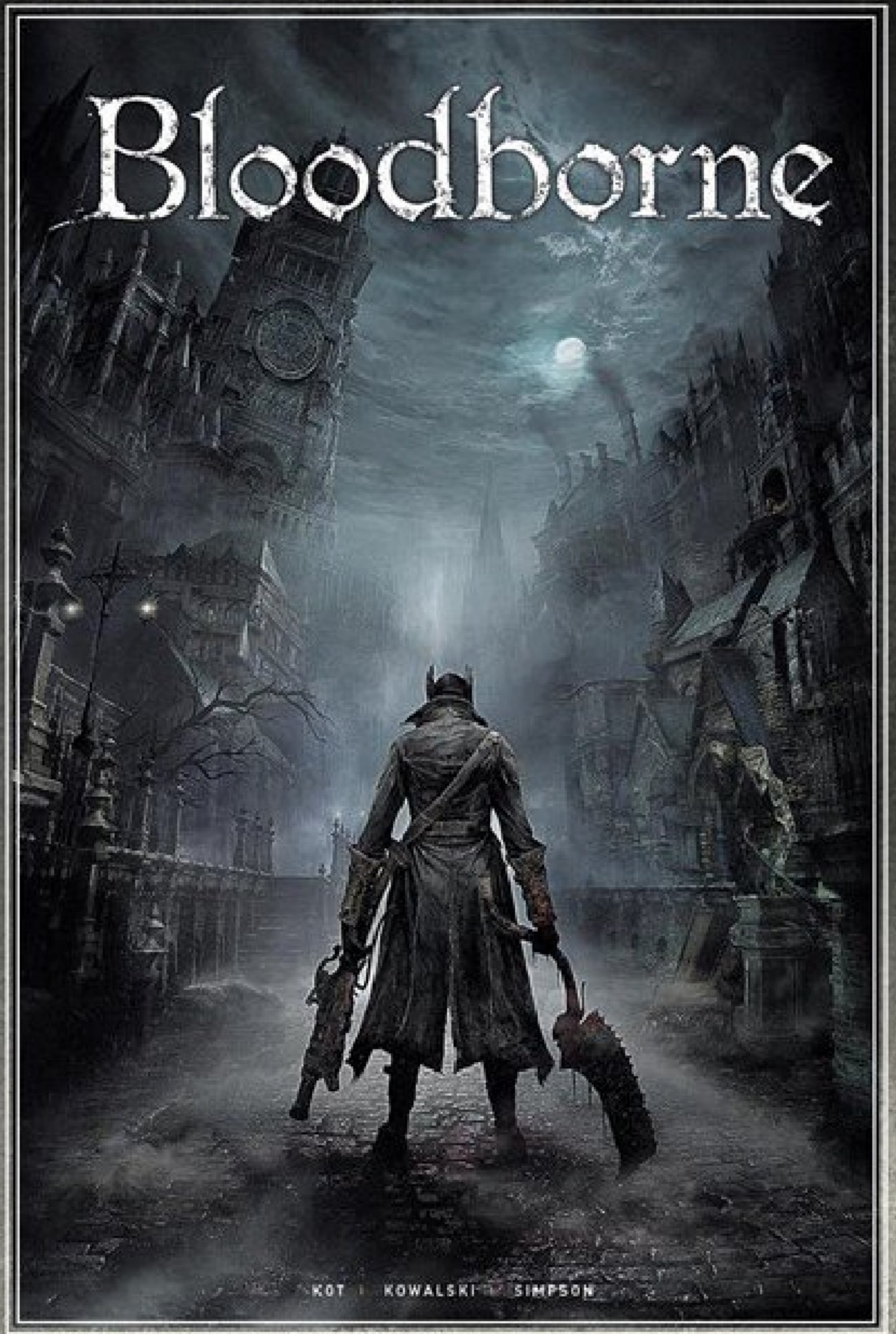
BORDERLANDS VARIANT
NICK PERCIVAL

GAME COVERS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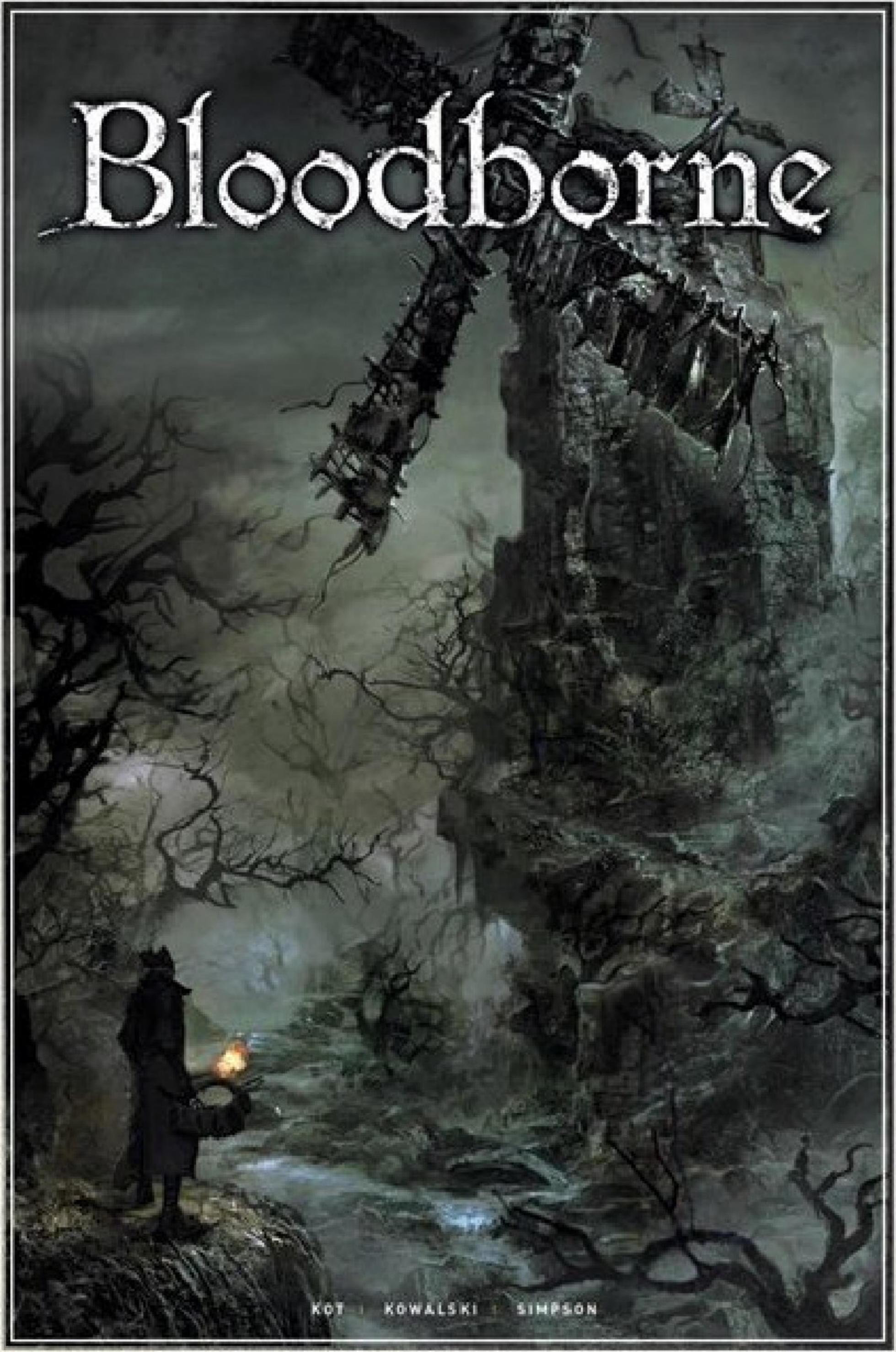
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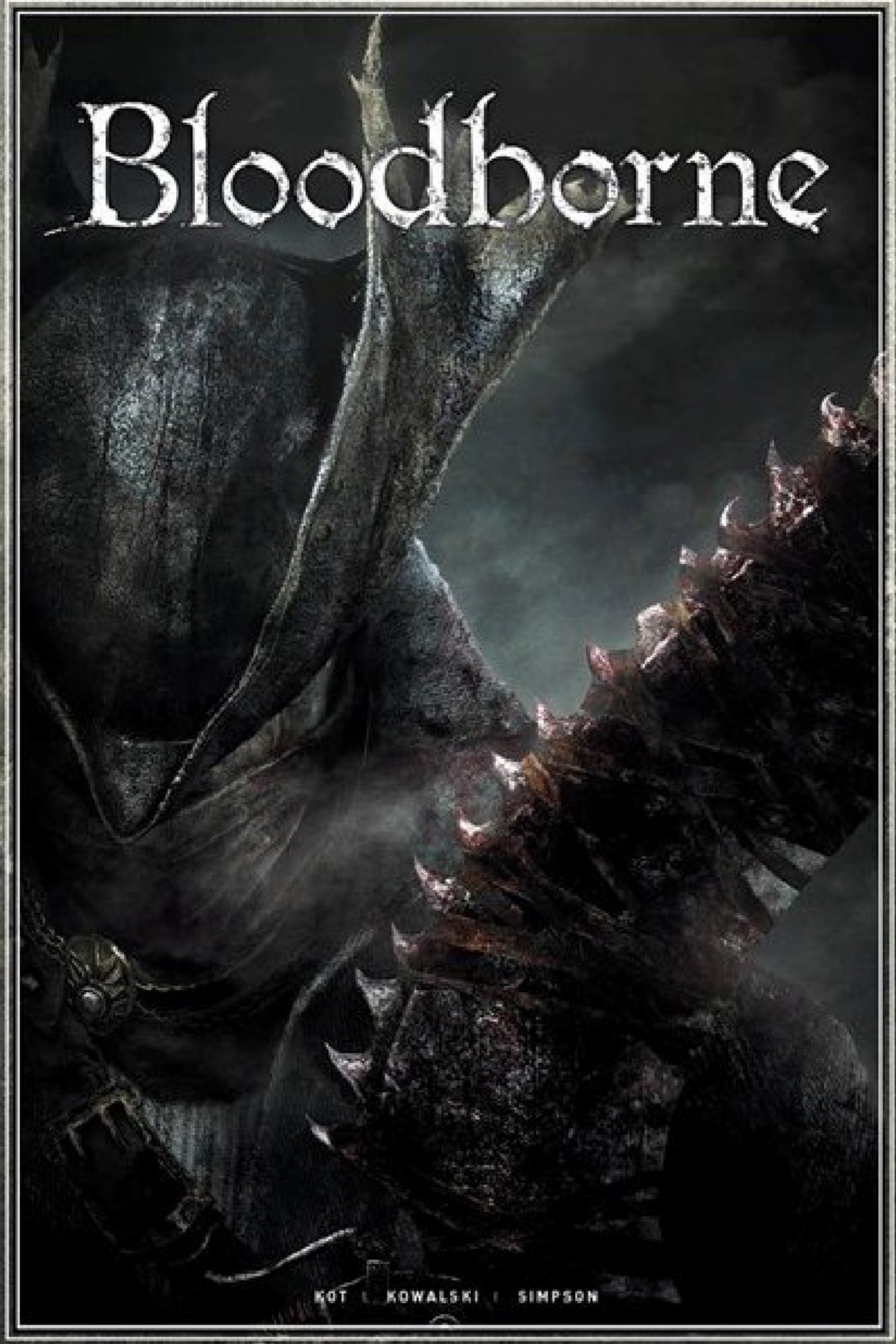
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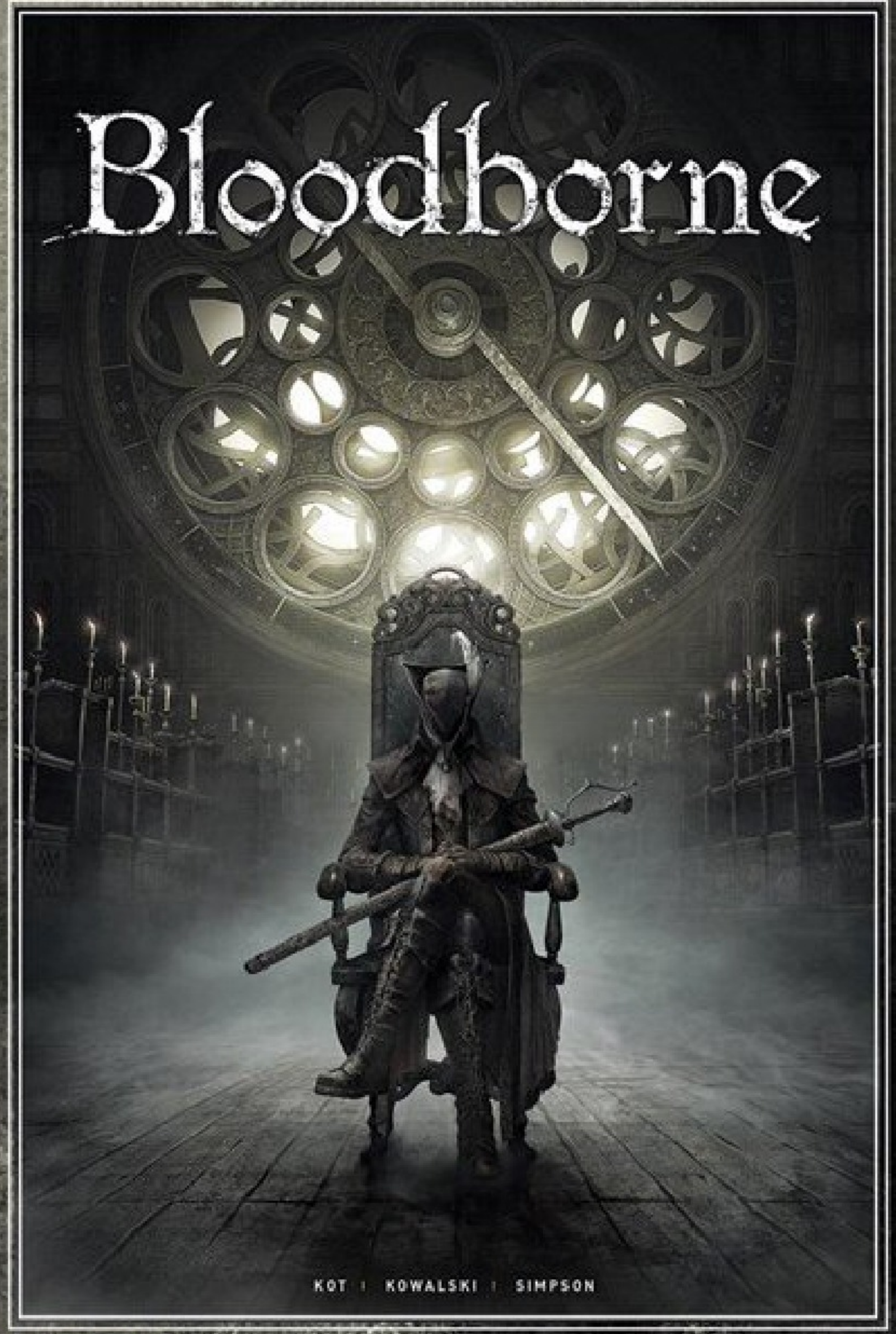
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ISSUE #4

ISSUE 1 SCRIPT

Bloodborne

THE DEATH OF SLEEP

WRITTEN BY
ALEŠ KOT

ARTWORK BY
PIOTR KOWALSKI

BLOODBORNE: DEATH OF SLEEP #1

PAGE 1

Splash page.

The Hunter opens the doors into the old Yharnam. Full of resolve, the Hunter -- not a man, not a woman, but an old, deep red-skinned, wrinkled, androgynous creature -- is taking the first step into the city, still pushing the gates apart, the saw cleaver folded on its back.

We see the Hunter from the back, too.

Old Yharnam is burning.

Apocalypse.

The sky dark orange, the color of rotting fruit, and the full moon hangs low.

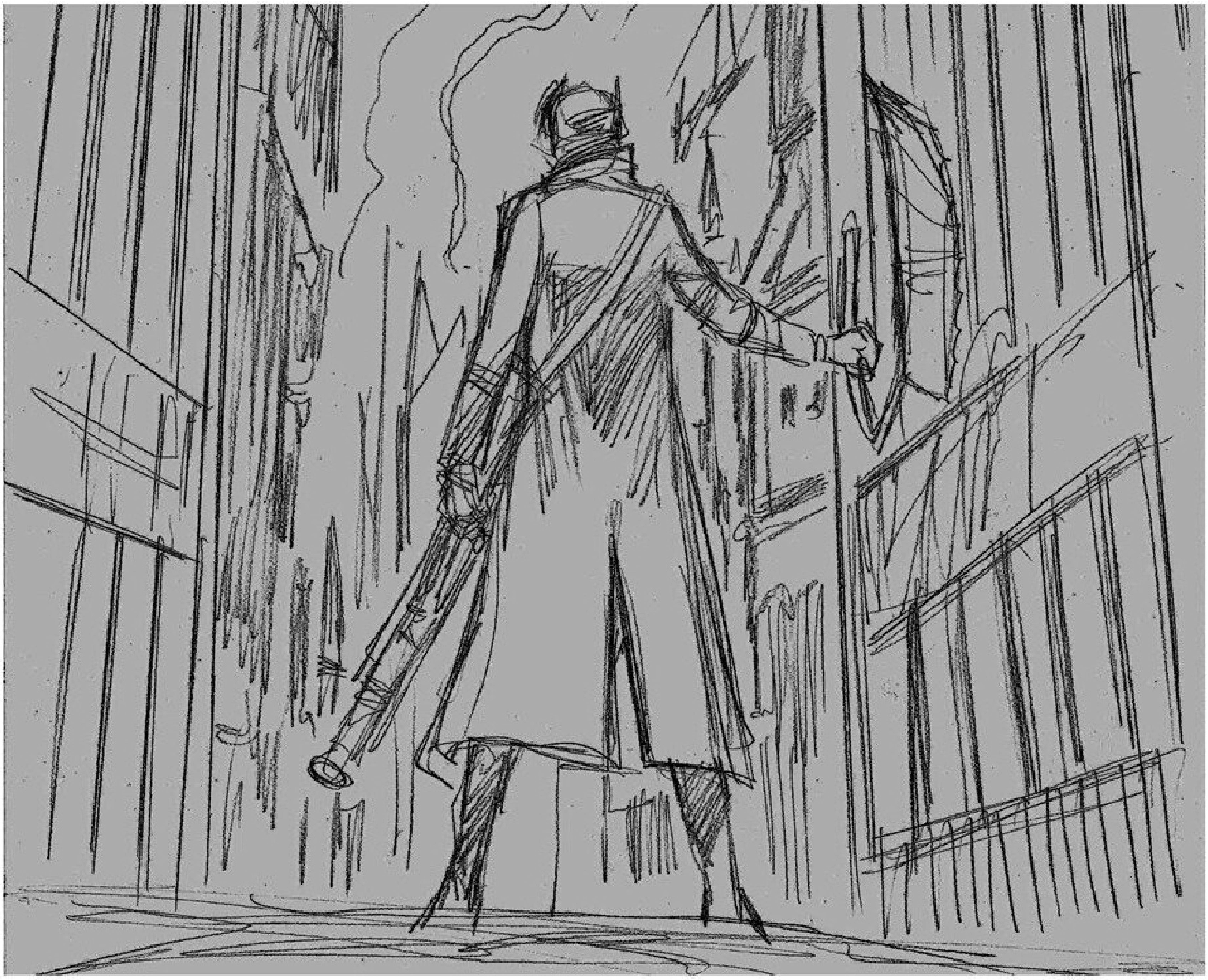
Too low. It's unnatural. The smoke rises, but it cannot obscure it.

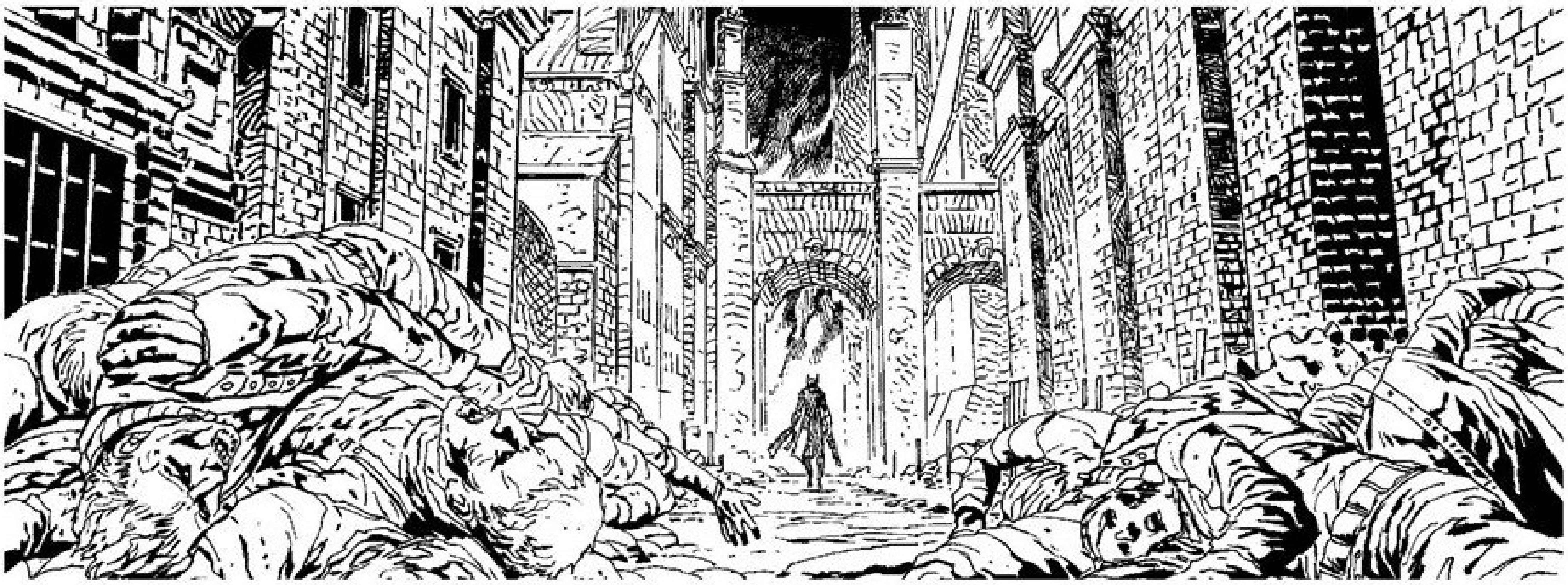
The moon is a hole within the reality, alarming us to its strange, inhuman geometry.

It's as if everything's melting. Twisting. The wheels of reality falling off.

The Hunter's coat is already bloodied.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): DOES THE NIGHTMARE EVER END?





PAGE 2

Four same-sized wide panels.

PANEL 1

The entire street is immersed in fog. No, not fog -- smoke. The buildings are too tight, almost as if hanging over us, but there is no us -- just the smoke, some flames from one of the buildings, and corpses of a few infected, including one pile.

Death and decay.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): I AM AWAKE AGAIN. AM I AWAKE?

PANEL 2

The Hunter emerges from the fog, now half-visible, walking towards us with the still-closed saw cleaver in one of their arms. The Hunter is about to pass the pile of bodies, and not looking at it, the Hunter cannot see one of the bodies starting to move, almost as if ready to leap--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): THIS IS NOT MY FIRST TIME.

PANEL 3

A large huntsman jumps at the Hunter, captured mid-jump, a spear ready to strike from the top and split the Hunter open from the head down, but the Hunter, without even looking at the huntsman, casually flicks the Saw Cleaver open as it makes a sound--

SFX (hand-lettered by artist): CLINK

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

PANEL 4

The Hunter slices the large huntsman's head off mid-air without looking or stopping, the body not even yet hitting the ground but the head popping off and the warm stream of blood sending its first gush into the air, the head about to fall right in front of the Hunter--

SFX (hand-lettered by artist): WHOOOOSH

SFX (hand-lettered by artist): POP

PAGE 3

PANEL 1

An almost splash page -- this panel takes the majority of it.

The Hunter stands in front of one of the lesser cathedrals in the Old Yharnam (see minutes 8-9 of this video, but also watch the entire thing for inspiration, as we're spending the entire issue here), the door massive cathedral door closed -- and staring at the Hunter now, five or six enemies, turned towards us, no longer clawing at the door, are ready to kill. A couple beast patients, another large huntsman, a standard huntsman (which looks different), a cloaked beast patient and a rabid dog -- a formidable group of the infected.

The cathedral is starting to burn on one side -- they set the pile of wood next to it on fire.

We're behind the Hunter. In right hand, the Saw Cleaver, in left, the gun.

At the feet, the head of the decapitated large huntsman, and the blood from the body still gushing away.

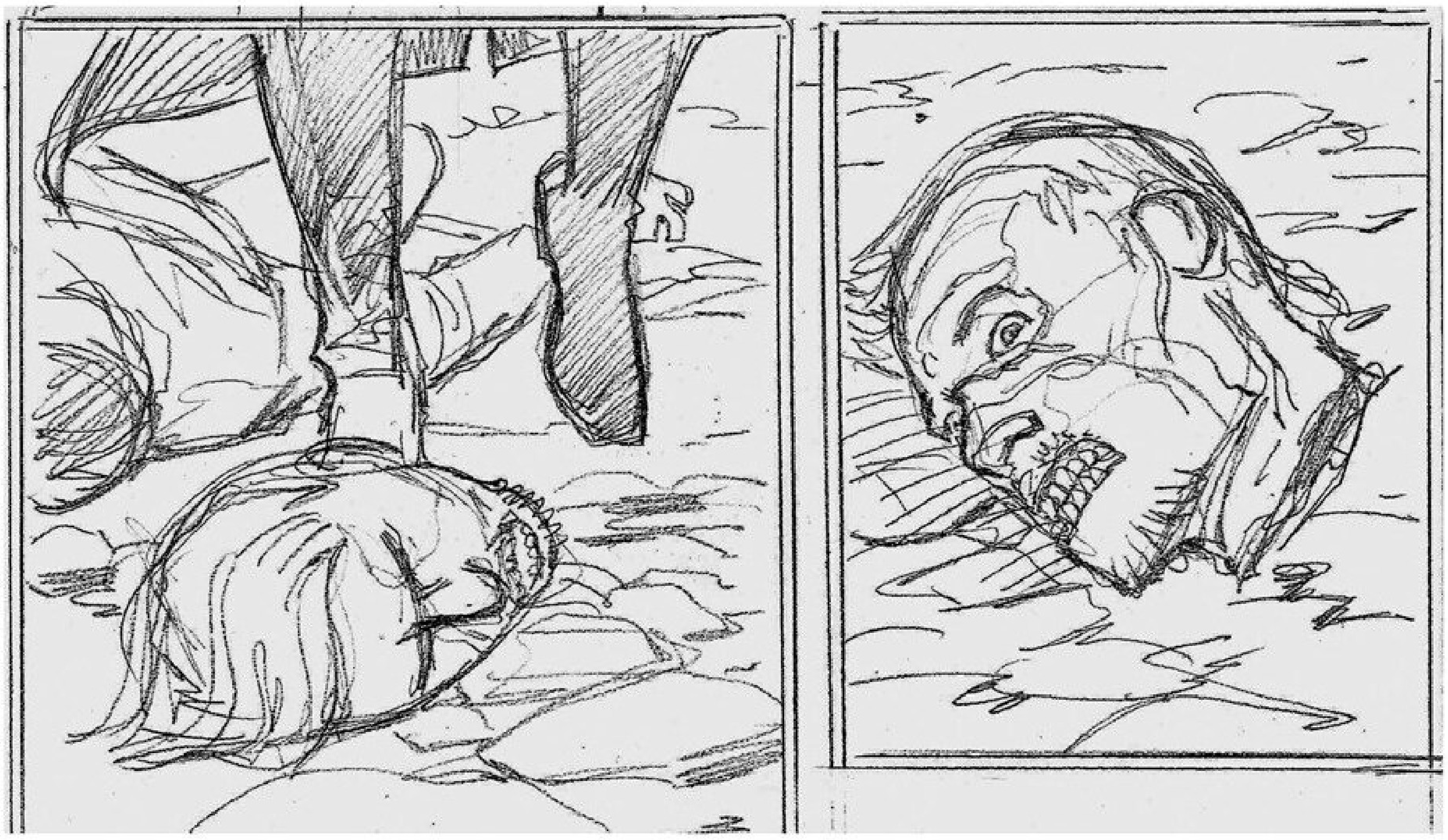
THE HUNTER (CAPTION): I REMEMBER YOU ALL.

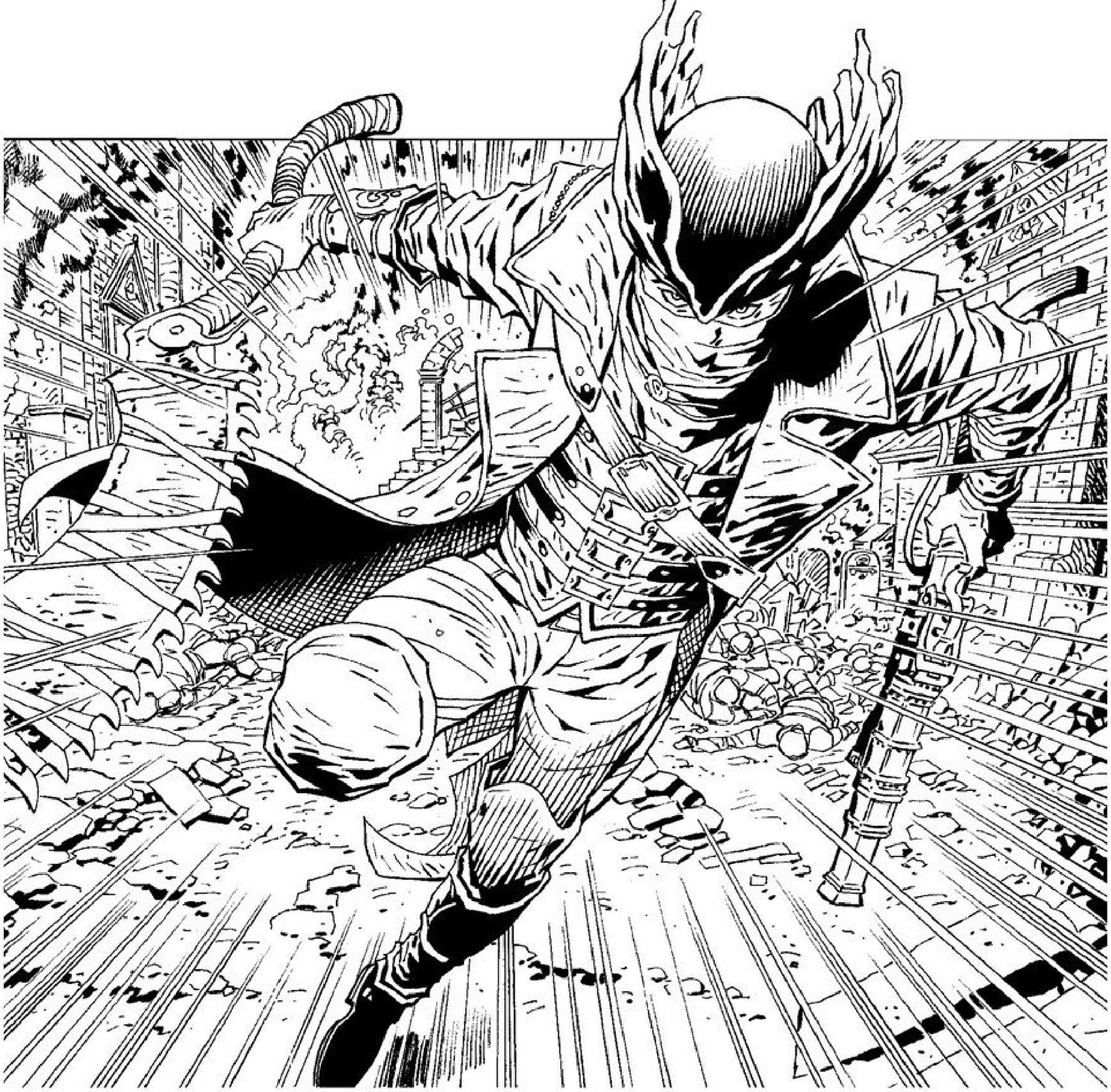
PANEL 2

Close on the large huntsman's decapitated head in a state of surprised death, and behind it, about to impact, Hunter's legs and feet, as if the Hunter's about to kick the head like a soccer player--

PANEL 3

Close on the subtly surprised face of the large huntsman. He's not really expressive -- but there is a slight twinge of surprise in the way he gets an extra wrinkle in his face as he tries to make sense of what is about to happen--





PAGE 4

PANEL 1

The large huntsman's head SLAMS into the huntsman's face like a soccer ball kicked at a very high velocity--

SFX (artist-drawn): SPLISHH

PANEL 2

The rest of the group looks up at something coming at them--

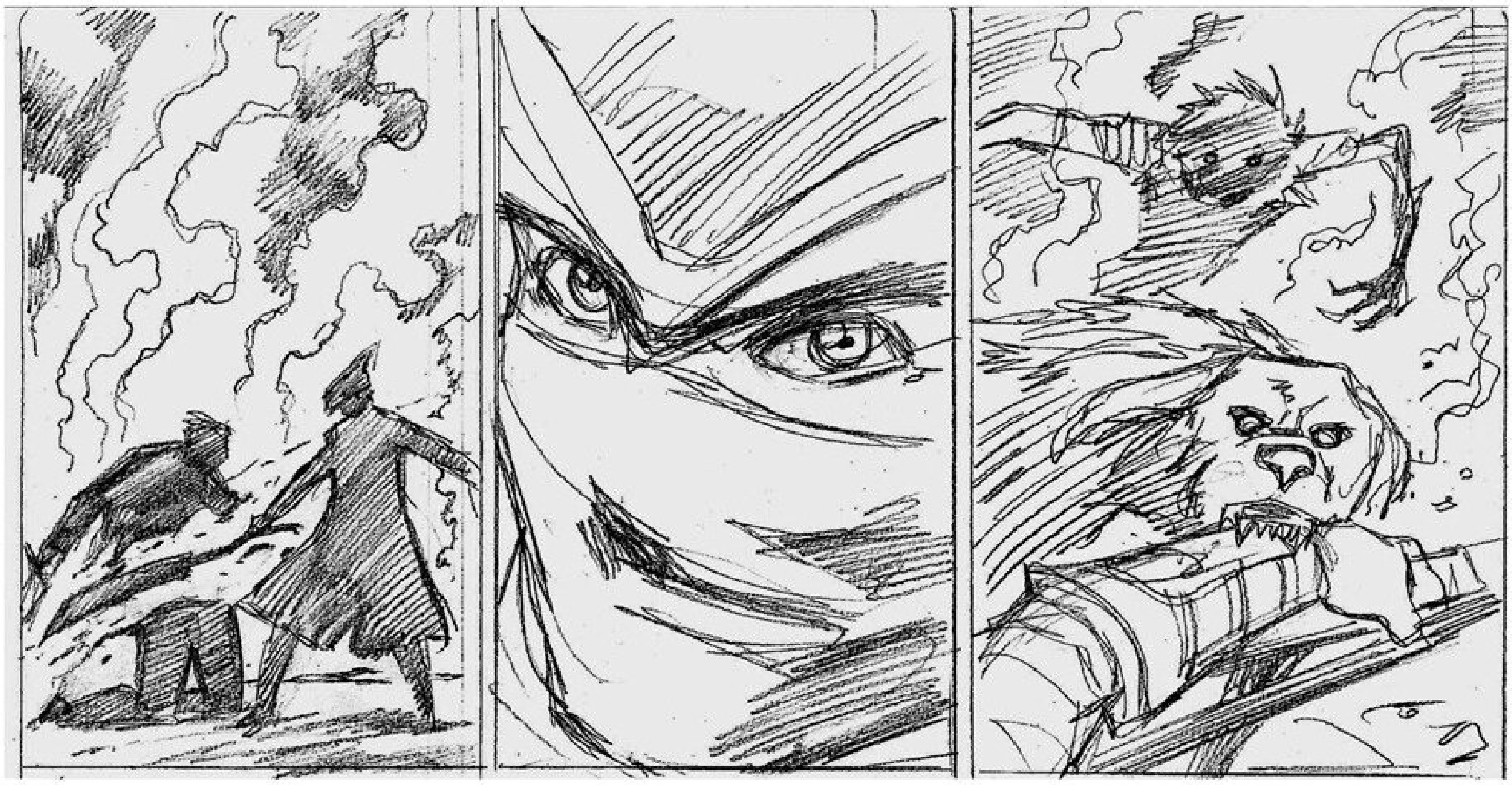
PANEL 3

Biggest panel on the page--

The Hunter, saw cleaver ready, mid-jump, about to descend at us.

Death has arrived.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): WHY DO I REMEMBER YOU ALL?



PAGE 5

A 9-panel grid. Where stated, everything will be in silhouette only, and against the increasing flames as they begin to swallow the cathedral.

PANEL 1

The Hunter splits the large huntsman in two before he even manages to fully get back on his feet.

PANEL 2

Close on the Hunter's face, mostly covered, but it's the eyes -- the crystal blue eyes -- looking straight at us, and the blood red, wrinkled skin of what we can see of the face, that tell us this Hunter has seen a lot. Possibly too much. There is deep melancholy in the Hunter's eyes, and a dedication to the task.

The Hunter is not insane.

But one day could be.

The look in the Hunter's eyes is a look of exactly what the Hunter is -- a spear in the gut of the infected. A healer of the city. A cleaning squad of one.

PANEL 3

The rabid dog leaps at the Hunter, and the Hunter uses the hand with the gun to absorb the damage, letting it bite as the cloaked beast patient approaches fast--

PANEL 4

The Hunter aims the gun straight into our face while the dog hangs to the Hunter's arm—

PANEL 5+6

SILHOUETTE ONLY -- these two panels are one bigger panel, a side shot.

The Hunter's gun goes BLAM and the beast patient gets a full load. The dog is still hanging off the arm, and the rest of the group is approaching fast, going to be on the poor Hunter within a second or two at most, and they are coming from all sides, almost making a circle--

SFX (artist drawn): BLAM!

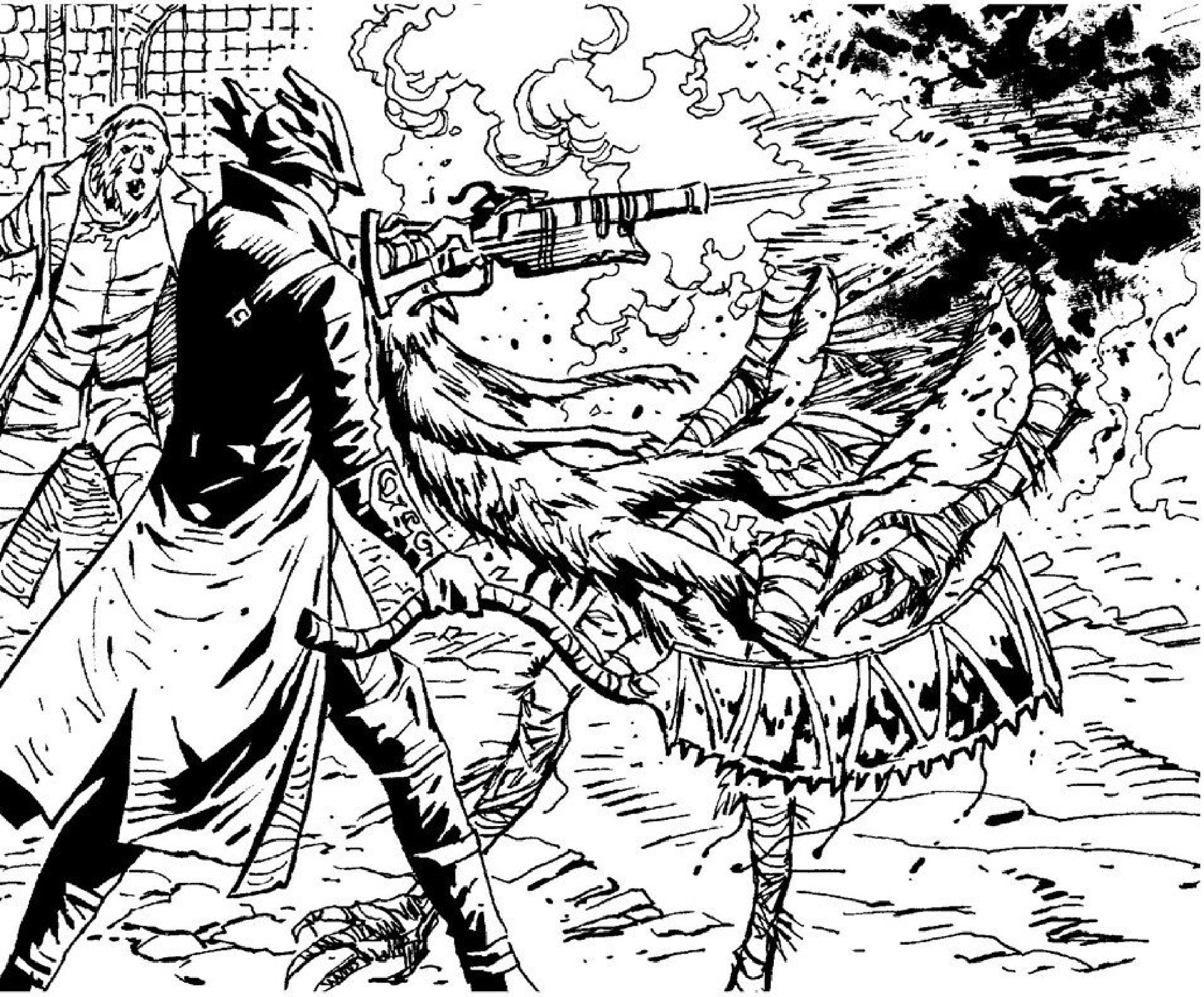
PANEL 7

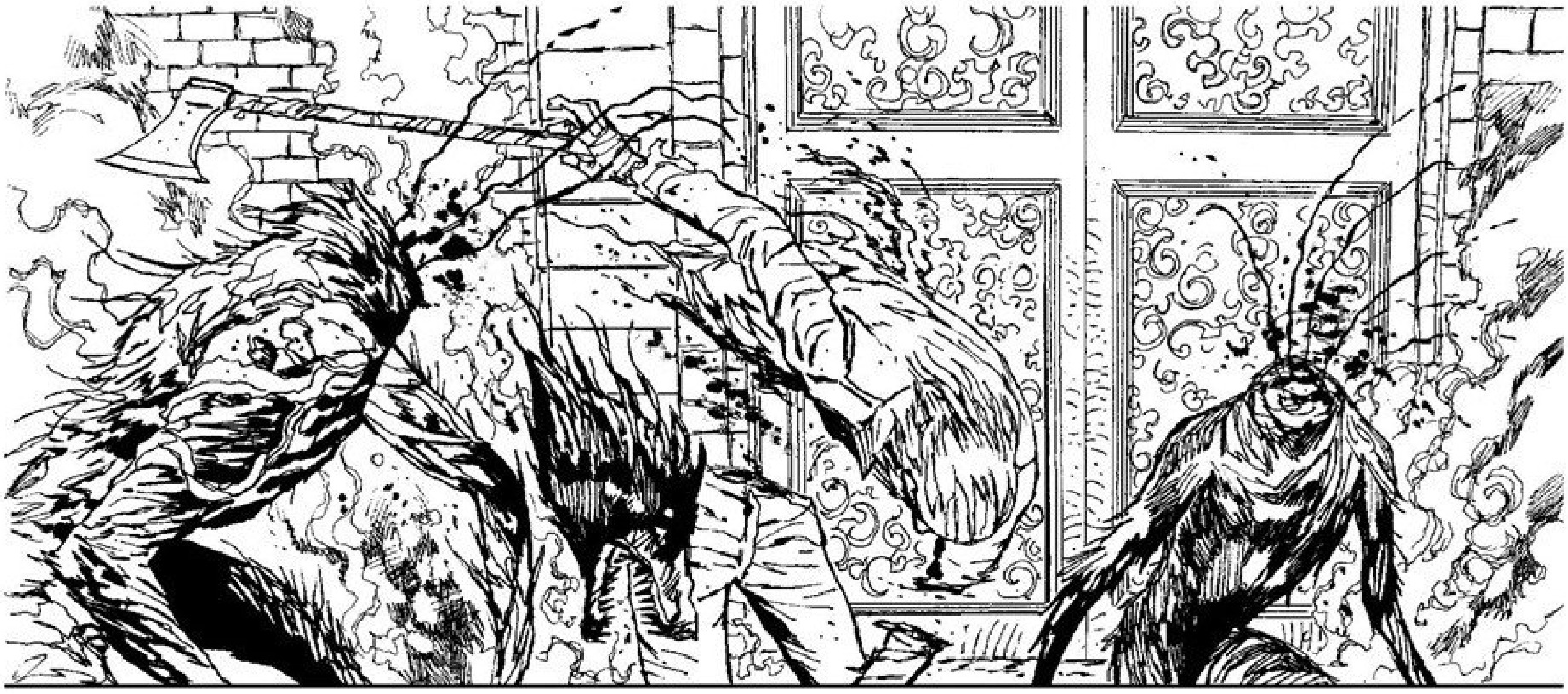
SILHOUETTE ONLY -- the Hunter throws the dog straight at one of them while shooting another beast patient in the face--

SFX (artist drawn): BLAM

PANEL 8+9

We're above the Hunter and the tightening circle of the infected but the Hunter does something too fast for our eye to fully see, but what we can see is that whatever the Hunter did, it left a speed line across the entire circle, and the Hunter is peculiarly low, as if what just happened was a very fast and effective complete circle with the saw cleaver--



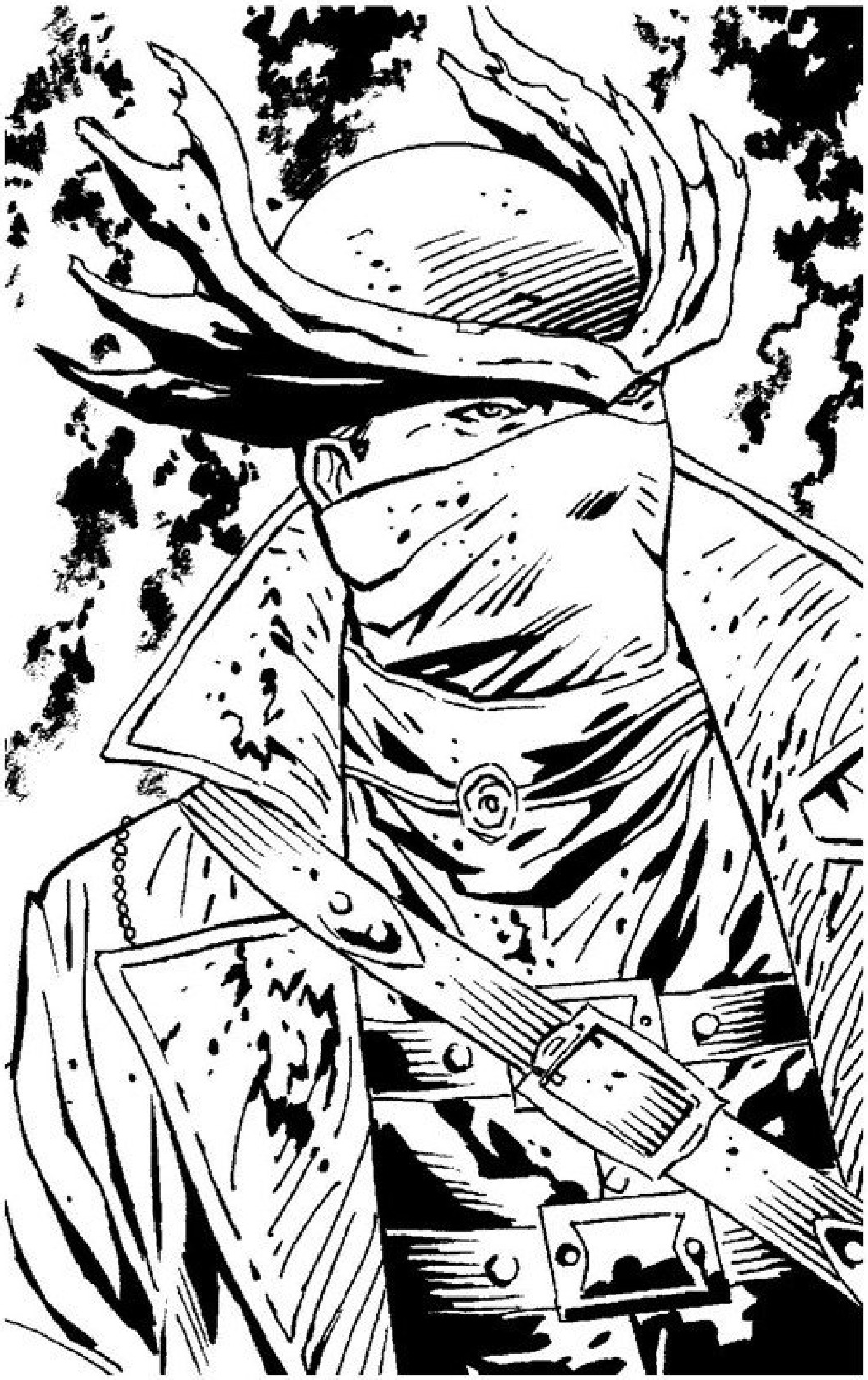


PAGE 6

PANEL 1

...which is exactly what it was. Three of the enemies start sliding down right from the middle of their bodies, uneven, like in a bad butcher shop.

The Hunter's saw cleaver cut straight through them, even through their weapons.



PANEL 2

The Hunter stands in the freshly created circle of death, looking at the cathedral gate.

PANEL 3

On the Hunter's face, chin a little up as it barks out orders, intent to get inside right away--

THE HUNTER: OPEN THE DAMN GATE! THE CATHEDRAL IS BURNING!

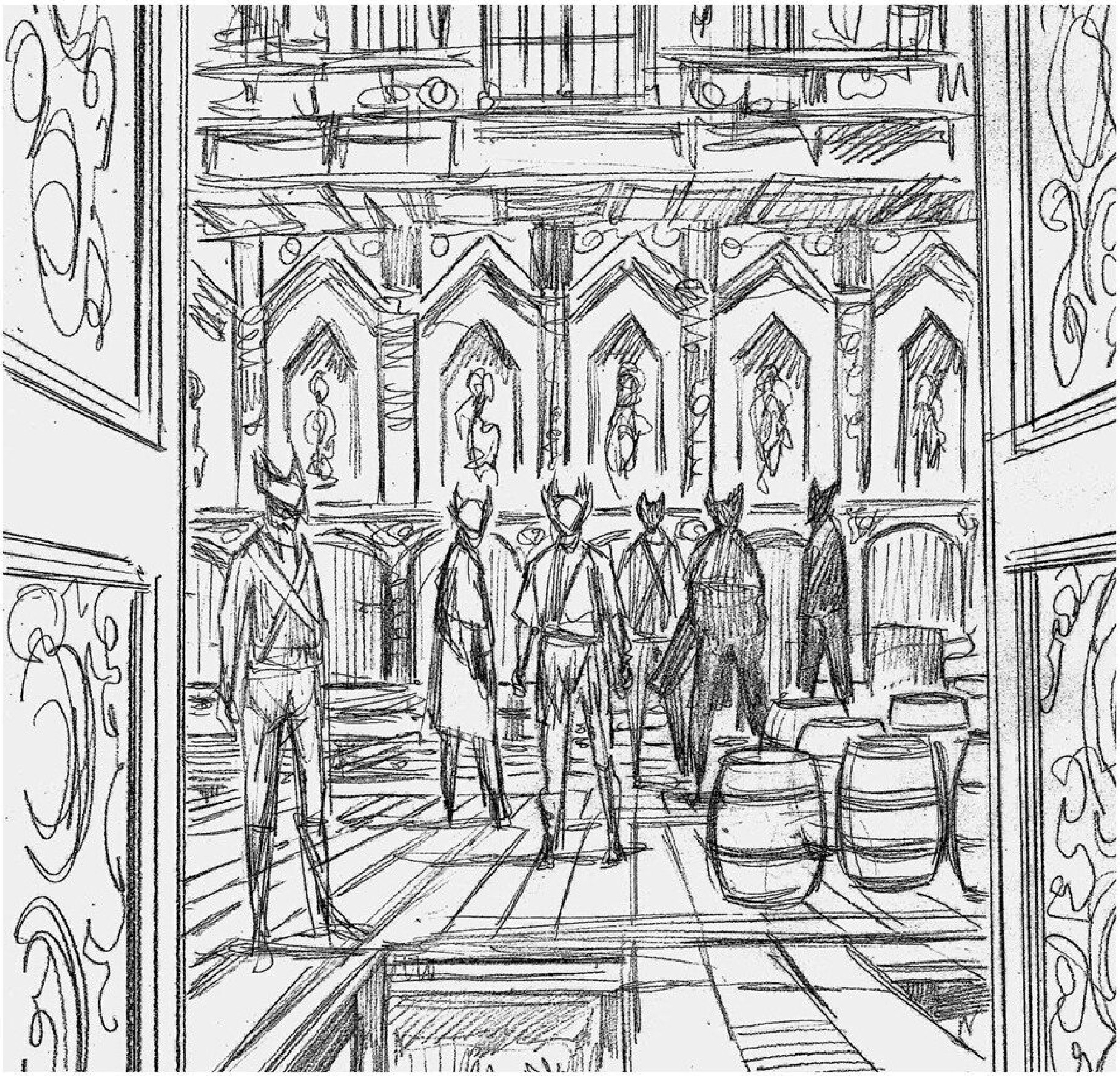
PANEL 4

On the gate. It's still closed.

PANEL 5

Same shot, but the gate opens a little bit. We can't tell who or what is inside--

DJURA: NO. YOU GET IN.



PAGE 7

Splash page. From the Hunter's point of view, we enter the cathedral through its still-opening door.

The place is badly lit, and sort of looks like an earlier, unburned version of the cathedral in this video, except for there is no beast crucified and set aflame yet. Instead, there are barrels with explosives to one side of the cathedral, and a few Powder Kegs (a special branch of Hunters) watching us. They are all ready -- for something that is to come. Something that is coming from the outside. They are acutely aware of the horrors, and don't feel at peace at all.

The place is badly lit because the Powder Kegs are careful -- a wrong move and the cathedral is set aflame. Even being largely of stone, who knows what would happen should they not be as careful as they can be. But the architecture, the kegs and the Hunters are all but secondary to our main focal point...

...in the midst of it all stands Djura the Hunter, a nonchalant man not yet completely weighted by the horrors that are already happening. Is that because he is already losing his mind?

DJURA: WELCOME BACK, MY FRIEND.

PAGE 8

PANEL 1

Side shot, now fully inside -- the Hunter stops and stands as two Powder Kegs close the cathedral door, the other two watching, illuminating the space as Djura turns away from the Hunter and makes a gesture with his hand that says come on, follow me--

THE HUNTER: WHAT DO YOU…

DJURA: NO TIME. FOLLOW ME. THEY WILL BE HERE SOON, AND I DO NOT WANT TO KILL THEM. THEY ARE INFECTED. NOT MONSTERS.

PANEL 2

We're in front of Djura, close on his face as he looks down while continuing walking, lost in thought and perhaps not entirely sane...in the background, the Hunter deliberates whether to follow him.

DJURA: THE HEALING CHURCH, THOSE ARE THE MONSTERS…

PANEL 3

We are high above, halfway to the cathedral's ceiling, watching the Hunter follow Djura, who is moving to the side, towards a door to a room in the back of the cathedral--

We have a feeling of being watched, and of being in the God's house.

But it is not any god we know.

DJURA: THE BEASTS DO NOT VENTURE ABOVE, AND MEAN NO HARM TO ANYONE.

PANEL 4

Behind Djura and the Hunter as Djura starts unlocking the normal-sized wooden door to the cellar--

DJURA: THERE'S NOTHING MORE HORRIFIC THAN THE HUNT. IN CASE YOU'VE FAILED TO REALIZE...

PANEL 5

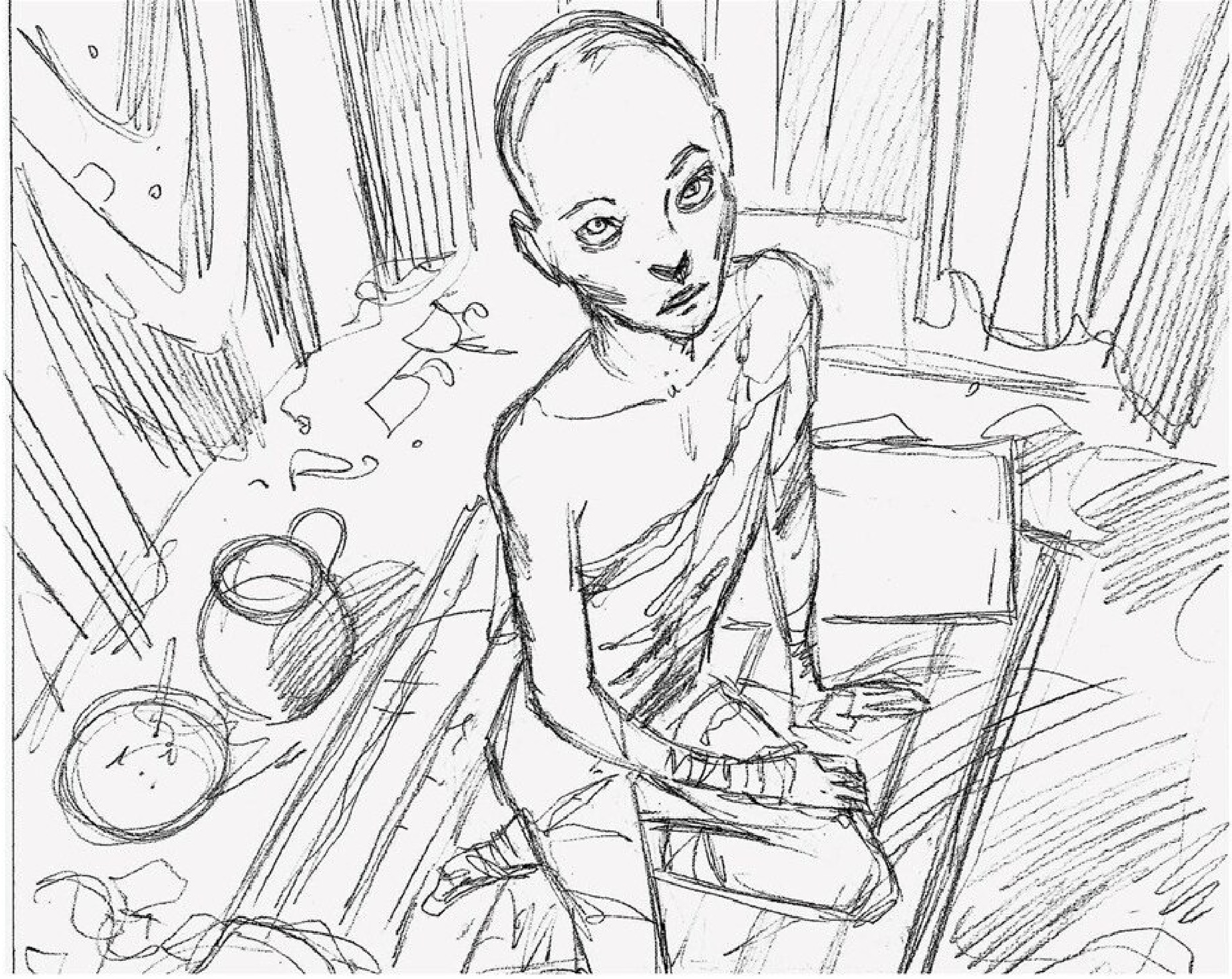
Djura turns to the Hunter, half-opening the door but getting lost in his argument, so the Hunter doesn't see inside yet, and neither do we, in a very Hitchcockian moment of extending suspense...

DJURA: EVEN MY POWDER KEGS BARELY LISTEN TO ME ANYMORE. THEY THINK I MUST BE GOING INSANE, NOT WANTING TO HURT THE BEASTS, BUT THE BEASTS, THEY WERE HUMAN ONCE, THEY STILL ARE...

PANEL 6

And now, as Djura continues to open the door, we see him slowly opening and entering, and the Hunter behind him, from the inside of the room, which is simple and mostly dark, illuminated by a single candle on a table, right next to a modest library filled with old manuscripts...

DJURA: ...WOULDN'T IT BE GOOD IF WE ALL HAD A CHANCE AT A TRUE NEW BEGINNING, ONE NOT BOUND BY CIRCLES OF TIME AND FOLLIES OF THE CHURCH?



PAGE 9

PANEL 1

Biggest panel on the page.

The child, on a disease-ridden mattress, a blanket next to it, stares at us with the look of something alien, not fully of this world. It isn't afraid, no. It's curious. Lanky, arms and legs almost longer than human, and thin, very thin, with big eyes and nearly no hair. It could be ten and badly sick, or it could be fourteen and malnourished.

Or it could be something else.

DJURA (out of panel): MEET THE CHILD, HUNTER.

PANEL 2

In front of Djura and the Hunter, close on their faces, the Hunter still a step behind Djura, both of them looking at the child, which is outside of the frame...

DJURA: I BELIEVE IT IS WHAT YOU SEEK.

PANEL 3

Close on the Hunter's face now--the Hunter's eyes are intrigued, and wary.

THE HUNTER: I AM NOT SEEKING A CHILD.

DJURA (out of panel): YOU ARE SEEKING A PALEBLOOD TO TRANSCEND THE HUNT, ARE YOU NOT?

PAGE 10

PANEL 1

Djura’s face is kind as he says--

DJURA: SHOW HIM, CHILD.

PANEL 2

The child looks at them, raising its hand, and we realize its fingernails are slightly longer than usual--

PANEL 3

The child cuts its own arm with one of the fingernails while looking at us. It doesn’t seem to be in pain. We are slowly zooming closer to it, so in this panel we’re closer than in panel three, focusing more on its face and arm--

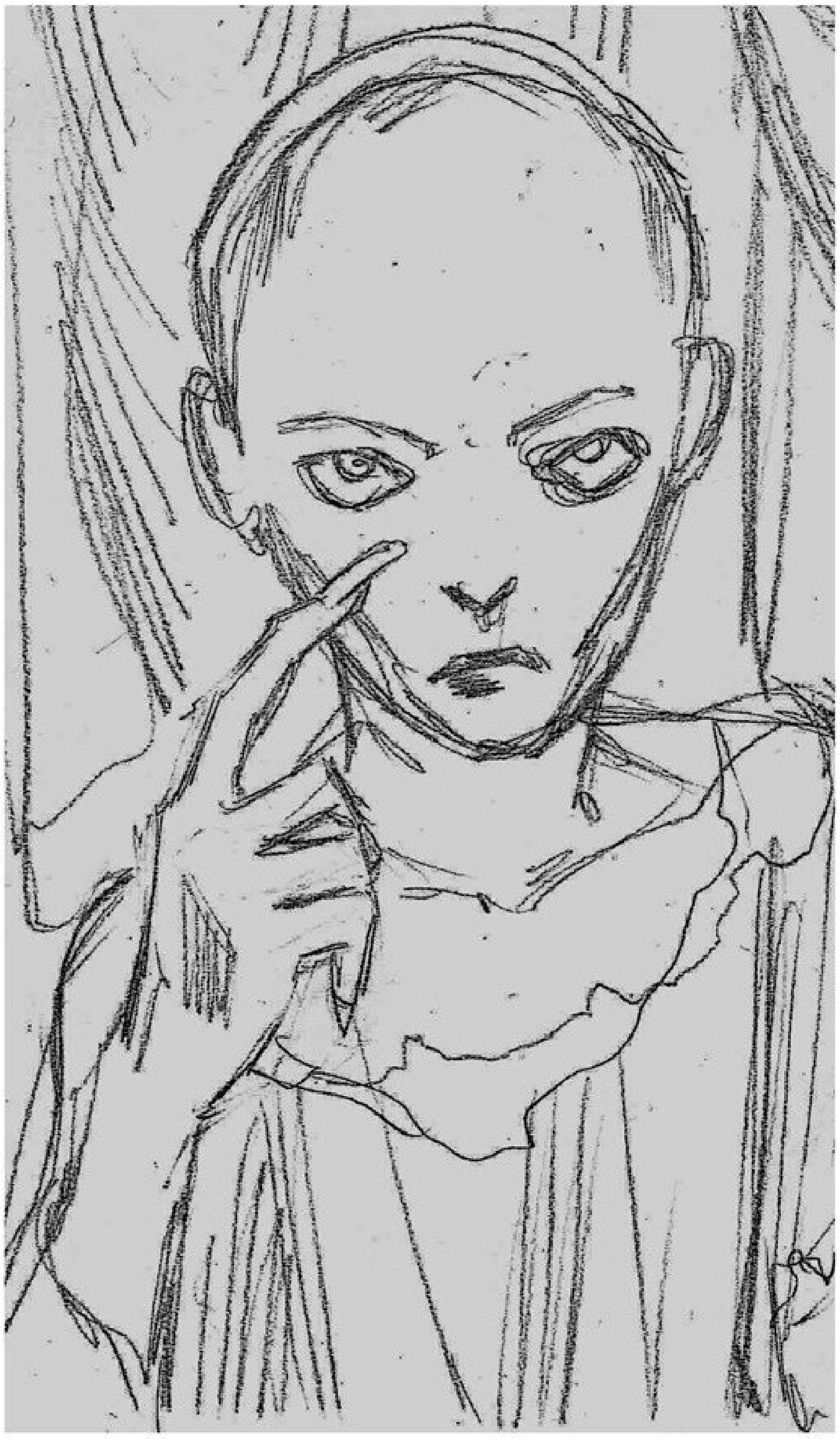
PANEL 4

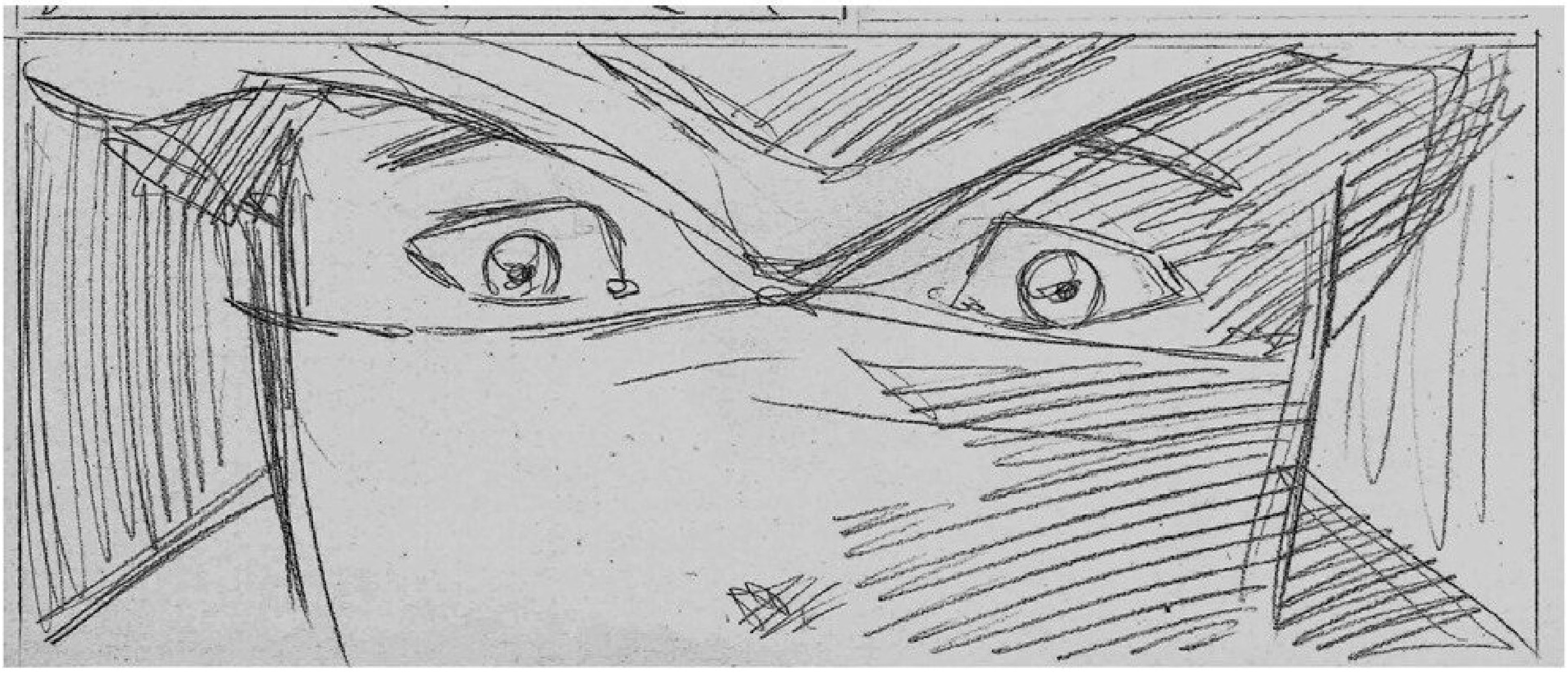
And now, even closer, we see the blood, and the blood is pale.

PANEL 4

The Hunter stares, eyes widened.

This is unprecedented.





PAGE 11

PANEL 1

Djura offers his hand to the child, and the child takes it, being gently pulled up to stand.

He talks to the Hunter, who stands, looking at them both as this happens.

DJURA: YOU MUST GO NOW. I CAN NOT LEAVE OLD YHARNAM -- MY DUTY IS TO ITS PEOPLE. BUT YOU AND THE CHILD, YOU MUST DO WHAT YOU MUST DO. I'LL SHOW YOU TO THE SECRET WAY OUT. ME AND MY POWDER KEGS WILL TRANSPORT OUR SUPPLIES OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL AND FIND A WAY TO HELP THESE POOR PEOPLE--

PANEL 2

Djura pets the child's head as it stares at us, studying us, not necessarily ominous but definitely very strange--

DJURA: BUT YOU, YOU HAVE THE WHOLE NIGHT TO DREAM. MAKE THE BEST OF IT, DEAR HU--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): FIRST, THERE IS THE SMELL. OF ROTTEN MEAT AND DECAYING BONE. OF PUSS OOZING FROM A WOUND.

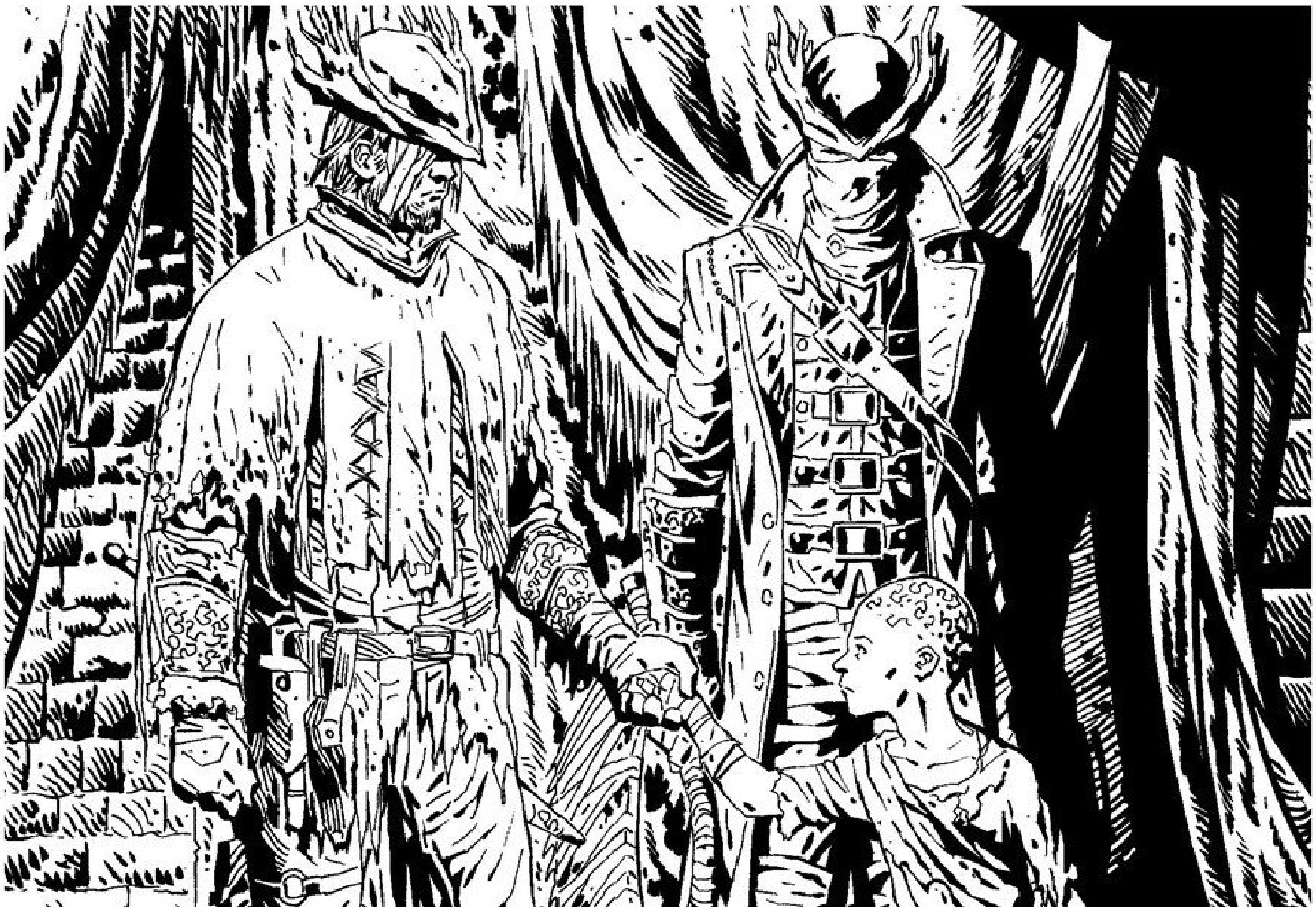
PANEL 3

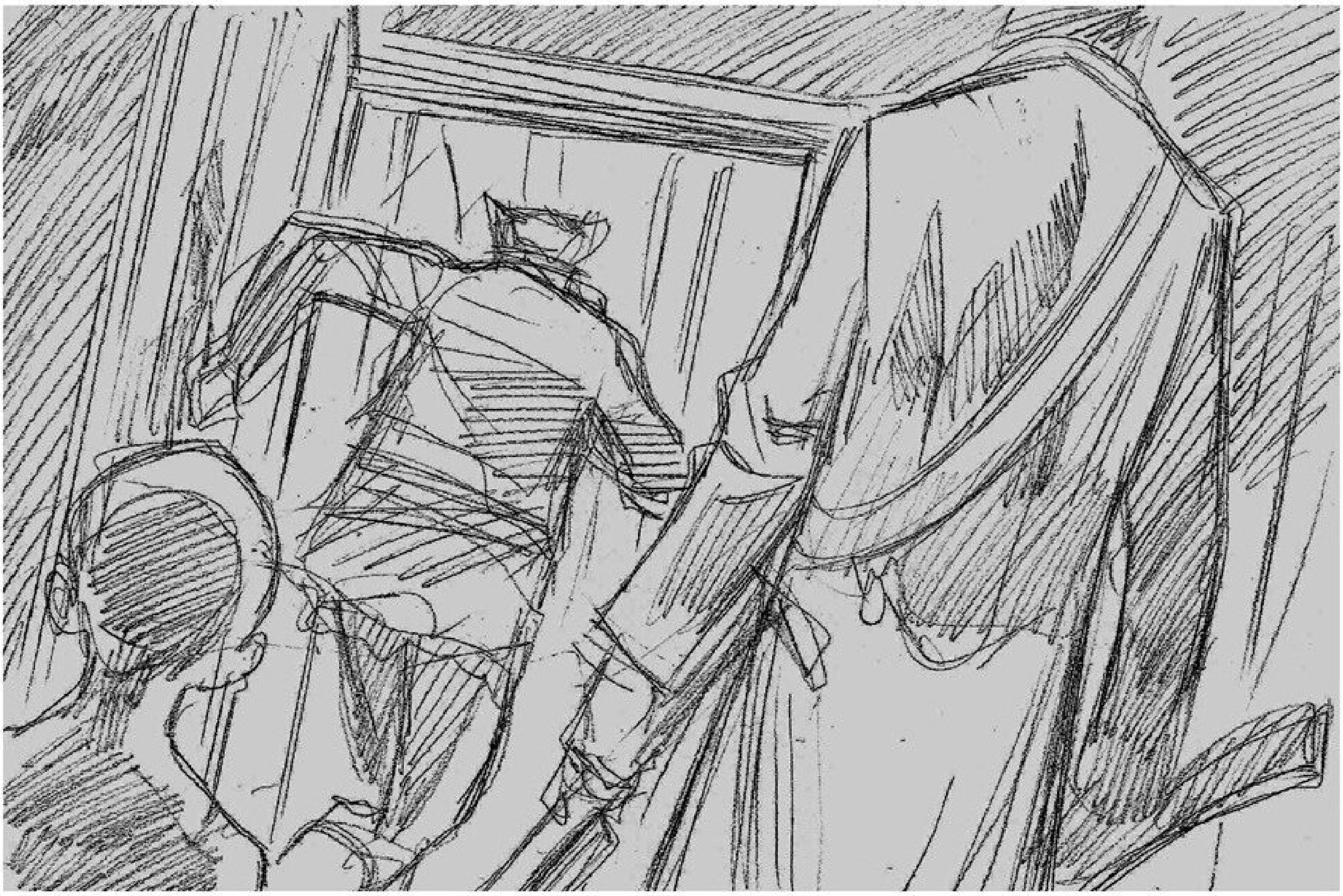
Djura turns his head to the door, realizing something is going terribly wrong.

The child doesn't. It's not concerned with the affairs of mortals.

DJURA: OH, NO.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): THEN THE SOUND, A SHRIEK -- A RAZOR UNDER A NAIL.





PAGE 12

PANEL 1

Djura runs out of the door. The Hunter and the child watch.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): HOW DO I ALREADY KNOW WHAT IS OUT THERE?

PANEL 2

The Hunter crouches to the child, facing it--

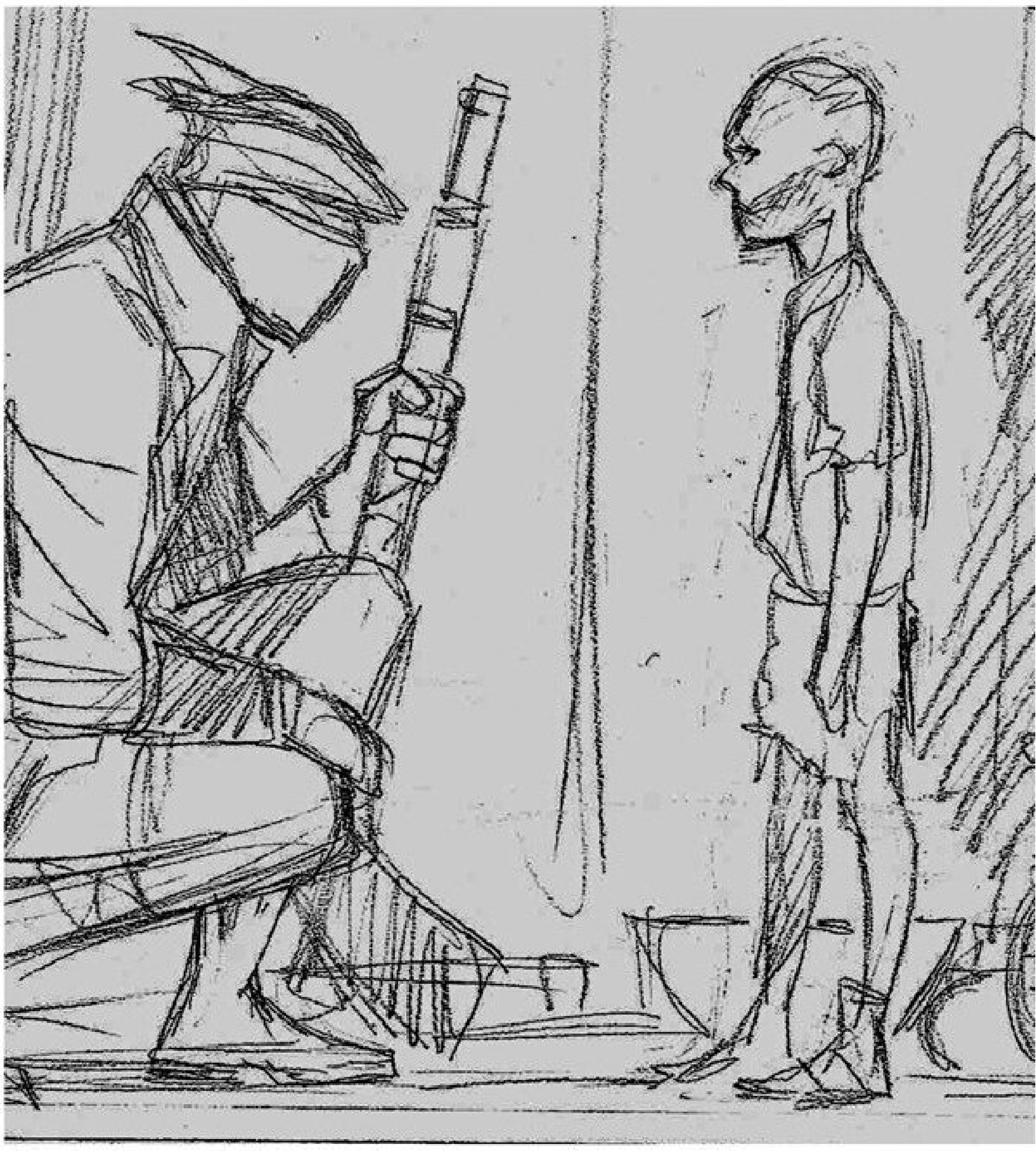
THE HUNTER: STAY PUT, CHILD. AND HIDE.

PANEL 3

Close on the Hunter's face and shoulders as the Hunter leaves the room, leaving the child behind. The child stares.

It still doesn't look afraid.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): A ROTTEN, FOUL SMELL.



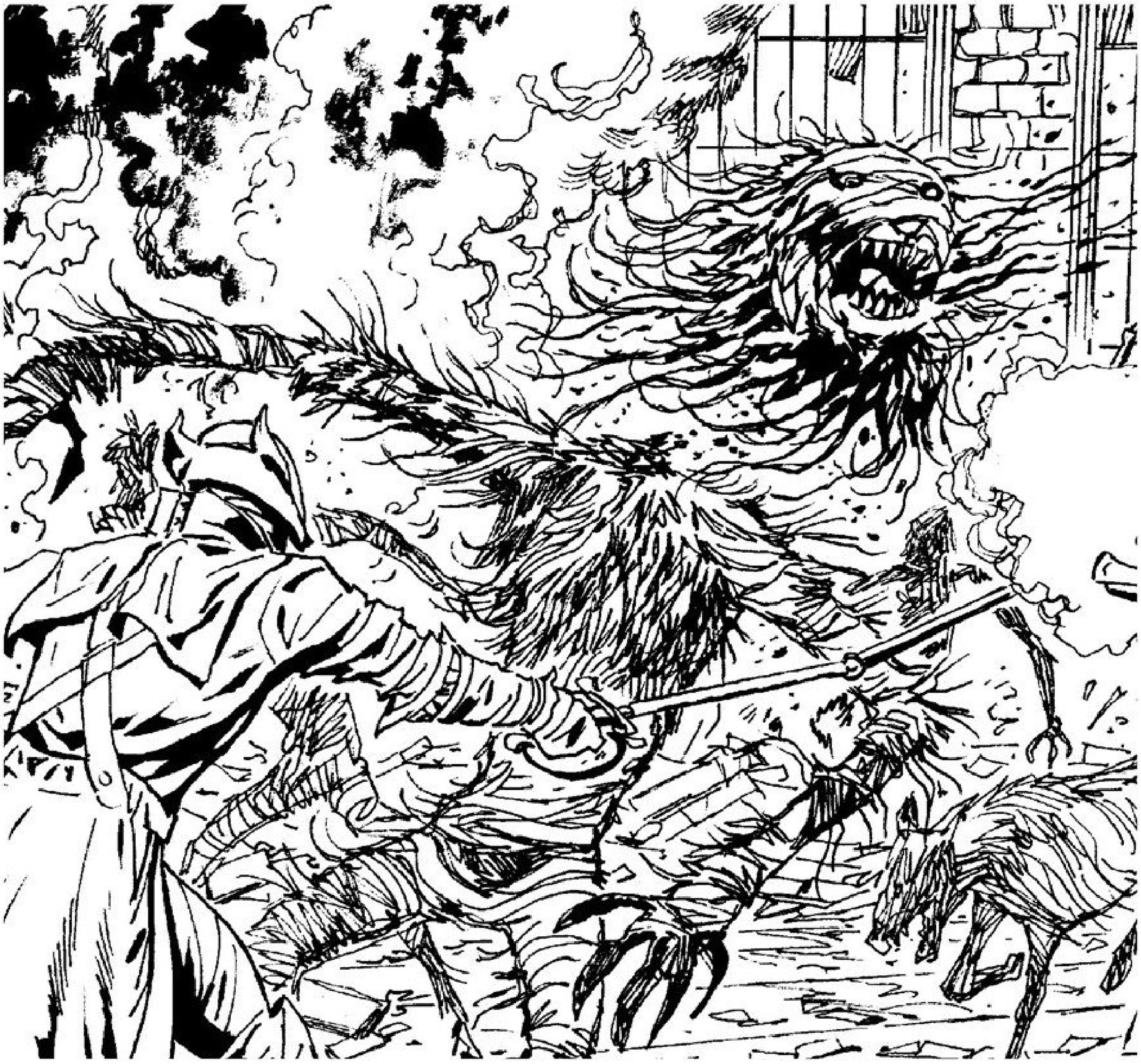
PAGE 13

The Powder Kegs, the fire, the beasts-- Piotr, this is where I want to give you more space to do your thing. The feeling I want us to give to a reader is that of running towards a massacre -- entering a scene of a massacre.

I imagine the page is composed of three panels, almost same-sized or same-sized.

We are the Hunter, seeing this through the Hunter's eyes, as we come from the door -- first we see Djura, running into the horror, and a Powder Keg that's being attacked by a beast, perhaps a werewolf (see the Bloodborne wiki for specifics on how they look). Then, at the edges, we see there is more -- the cathedral is already more illuminated than before, and it's because it is, indeed, burning, the flames now inside, and precariously close to the kegs. But no-one is paying enough attention -- the rest of the Powder Keg Hunters is fighting against a swelling of the infected of all kinds (just make sure to limit them to those who appear in the Old Yharnam), and one of the Kegs is staring towards the cathedral door, through which something larger than any of them is entering, still mostly cloaked in the shadows but--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): THE BLACK HEART OF THE NIGHTMARE PUMPS BILE AND PAIN.



PAGE 14

Splash page.

The Hunter faces the Blood-Starved Beast.

In between them, most of the cathedral, and the chaos.

Djura helping one of the hunters while trying not to harm the beast.

Other hunters, some less victorious than others.

More beasts pouring in.

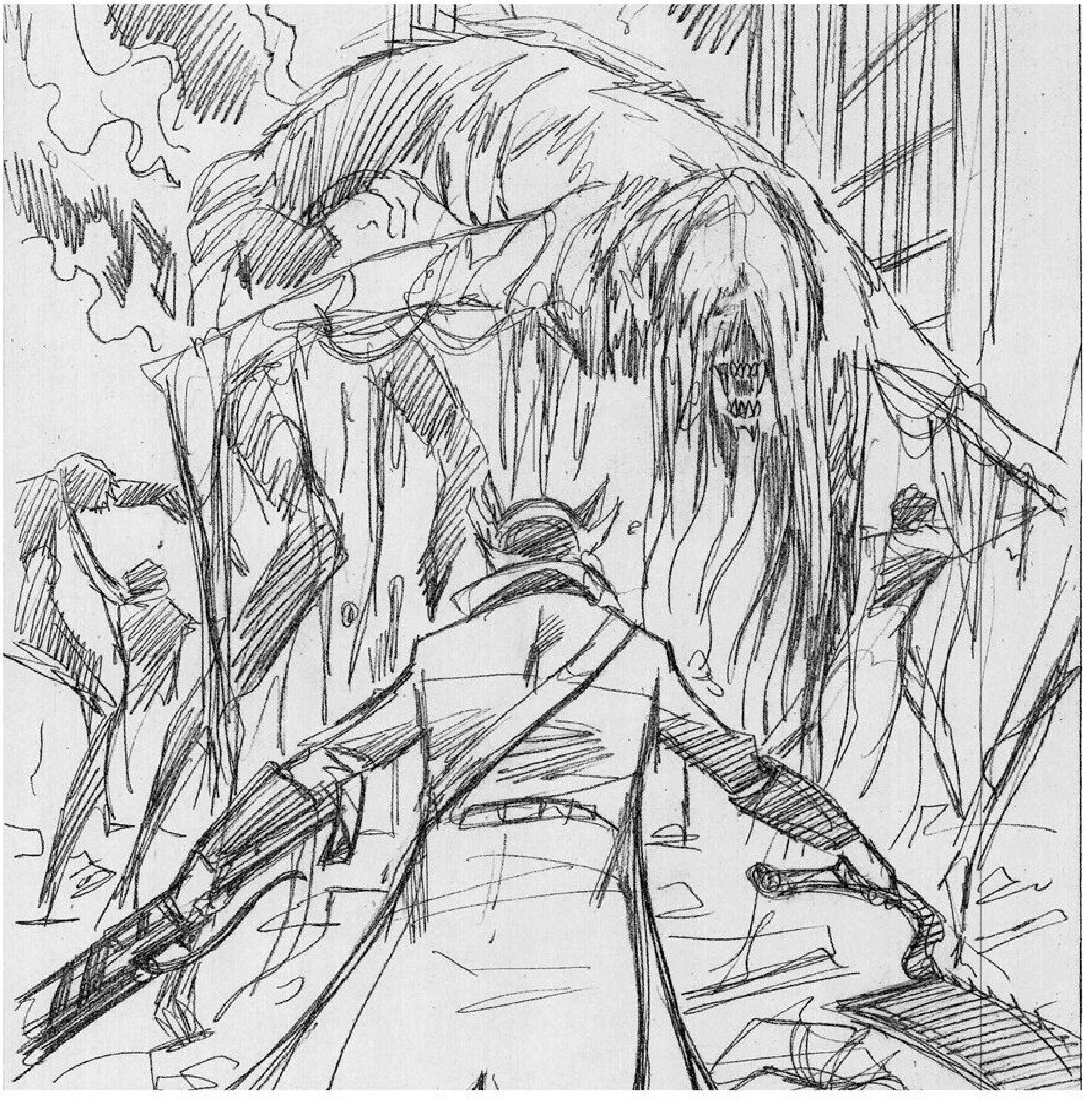
We are behind the Hunter.

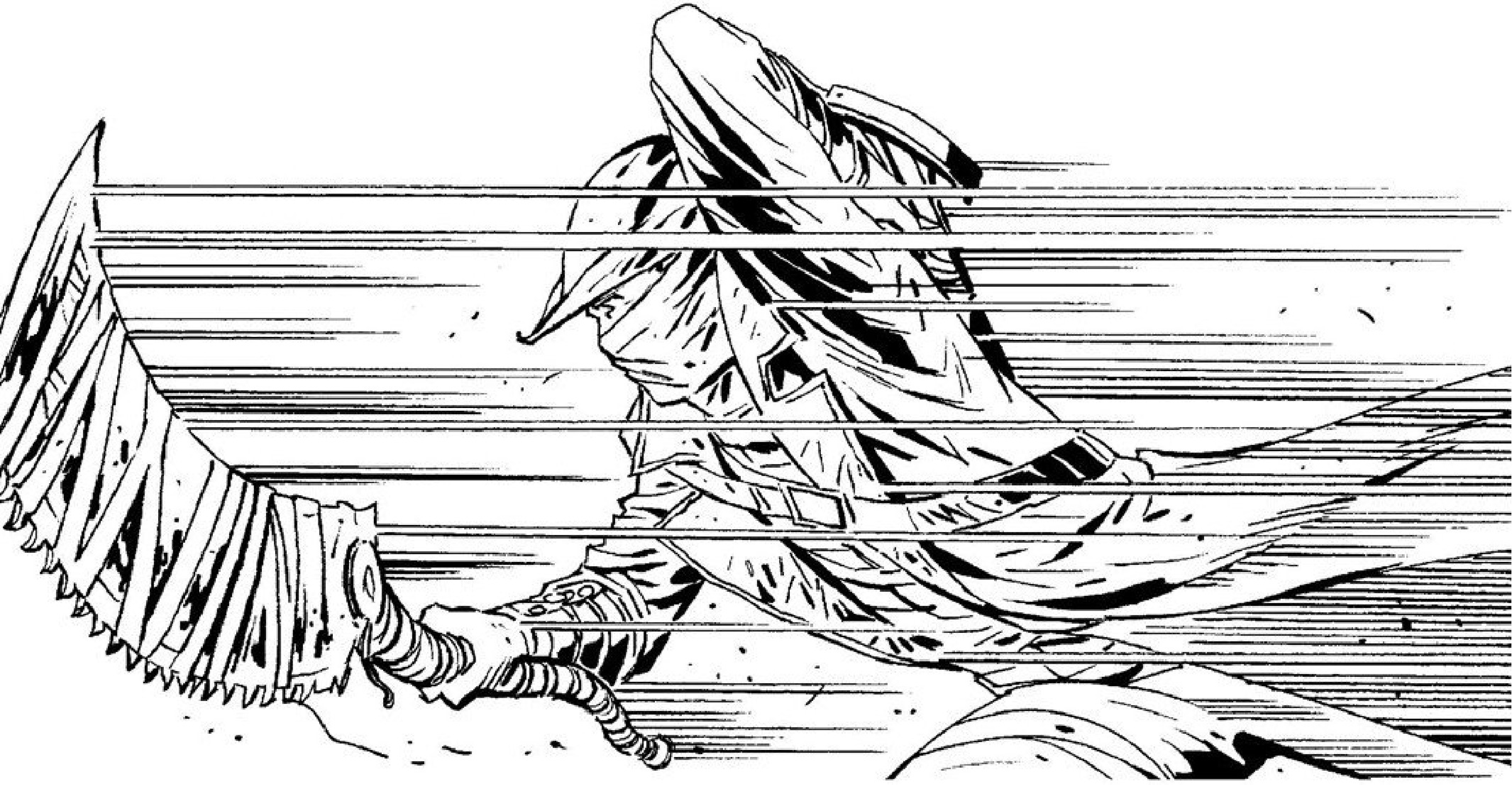
The Blood-Starved Beast stars at us from the door, now fully visible.

The fire spreads, illuminating it--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): ...YOU.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): ...AGAIN?





PAGE 15

PANEL 1 (same-sized as panel 3)

The Hunter runs at the Blood-Starved Beast-- think speed lines -- almost manga inspired -- a side shot.

PANEL 2 (same-sized as panel 4)

The Powder Kegs are fighting, the fire getting closer to the actual kegs--

PANEL 3 (same-sized as panel 1)

The Blood-Starved Beast running at the Hunter -- again, speed lines -- a side shot.

PANEL 4 (same-sized as panel 2)

Djura giving orders, the panic around him increasing, his voice beginning to tremble, the fire leaping towards the kegs filled with explosive materials--

DJURA: WE HAVE TO WITHDRAW! THE KEGS! THE KEGS WILL EXPLODE!

DJURA: DON'T HURT THEM! FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T HURT THE PEOPLE!

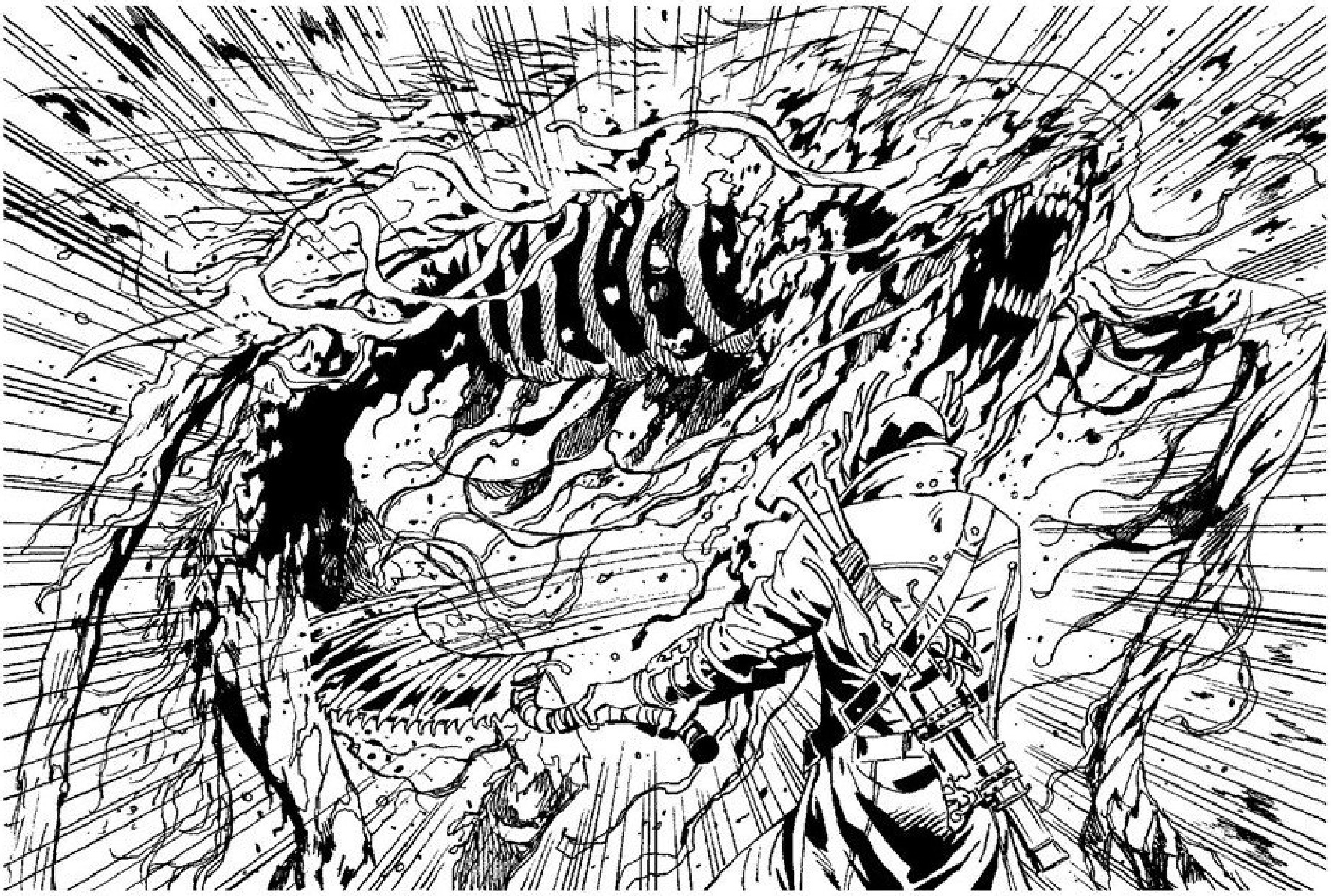
PANEL 5

The Hunter, as if from the point of view of the beast, speed lines again as the Hunter runs straight at us with the saw cleaver raised in both arms and about to hit--

(behind the Hunter, a pandemonium -- blood, fight and fire -- and a small figure on the side, in the back--)

PANEL 6

It's the child, not hiding but in the midst of it all, watching, a little oblivious alien--



PAGE 16

PANEL 1

A big panel. The saw cleaver HITS and CUTS INTO the Blood-Starved Beast. We're very close to them both, above the Beast, and we realize that unless this kills the Beast, the Hunter will be exposed--

PANEL 2

We're on top of the Beast, which is taking most of the panel -- but we still see the saw cleaver, and we see the Hunter try to pull it out -- and realize it's stuck. The Hunter's eyes widen--

PANEL 3

A reaction shot up close on the Hunter's face, eyes even wider--

PANEL 4

Close on the decaying, haunted, sad, magnificent face of the Beast, looking at us--

PANEL 5

It vomits acid straight into the Hunter's face, a wave so thick the face is obscured--

PANEL 6

The child, staring--

PAGE 17

PANEL 1

The Hunter's skull is visible, meat boiling off.

The Hunter is still holding on to the cleaver, and the Beast is holding on to the Hunter, but the Hunter is dead.

PANEL 2

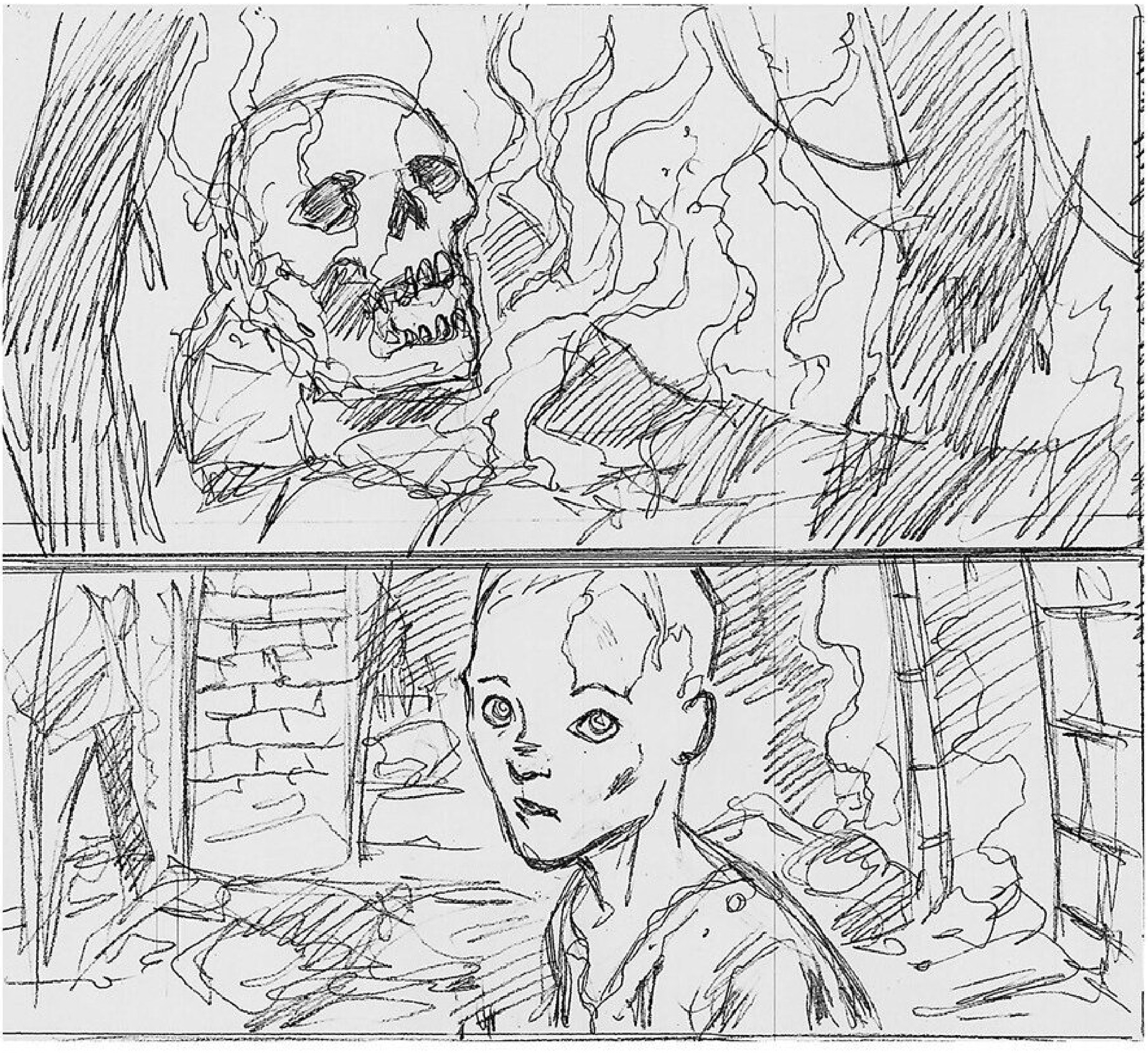
The child, its mouth now slightly opened, and we are even closer to it, so close we can see the Blood-Starved Beast staring back at it the reflection in its eye--

PANEL 3

Takes the entire second half of the page.

Darkness. And in it, big, bold, glowing red letters, exactly the same kind we have seen every single time we died--

YOU DIED.



PAGE 18

PANEL 1

We open our eyes, lying in the garden of the Hunter's Dream, next to the steps where the Doll usually waits. The doll is strange -- not entirely human, almost similarly near-mechanical as the child. It is kind, and it means well, but there is also something else there.

Does the doll have consciousness?

THE DOLL: WELCOME HOME, GOOD HUNTER.

THE DOLL: WHAT IS IT YOU DESIRE?

PANEL 2

The Hunter, still lying down, opens their eyes, just barely. The Hunter knows where we are, and the Hunter is growing tired of the game. Yet the Hunter takes it stoically, almost with a sense of humor in their squinting eyes.

THE HUNTER: AH.

THE HUNTER: YOU AGAIN.

PANEL 3

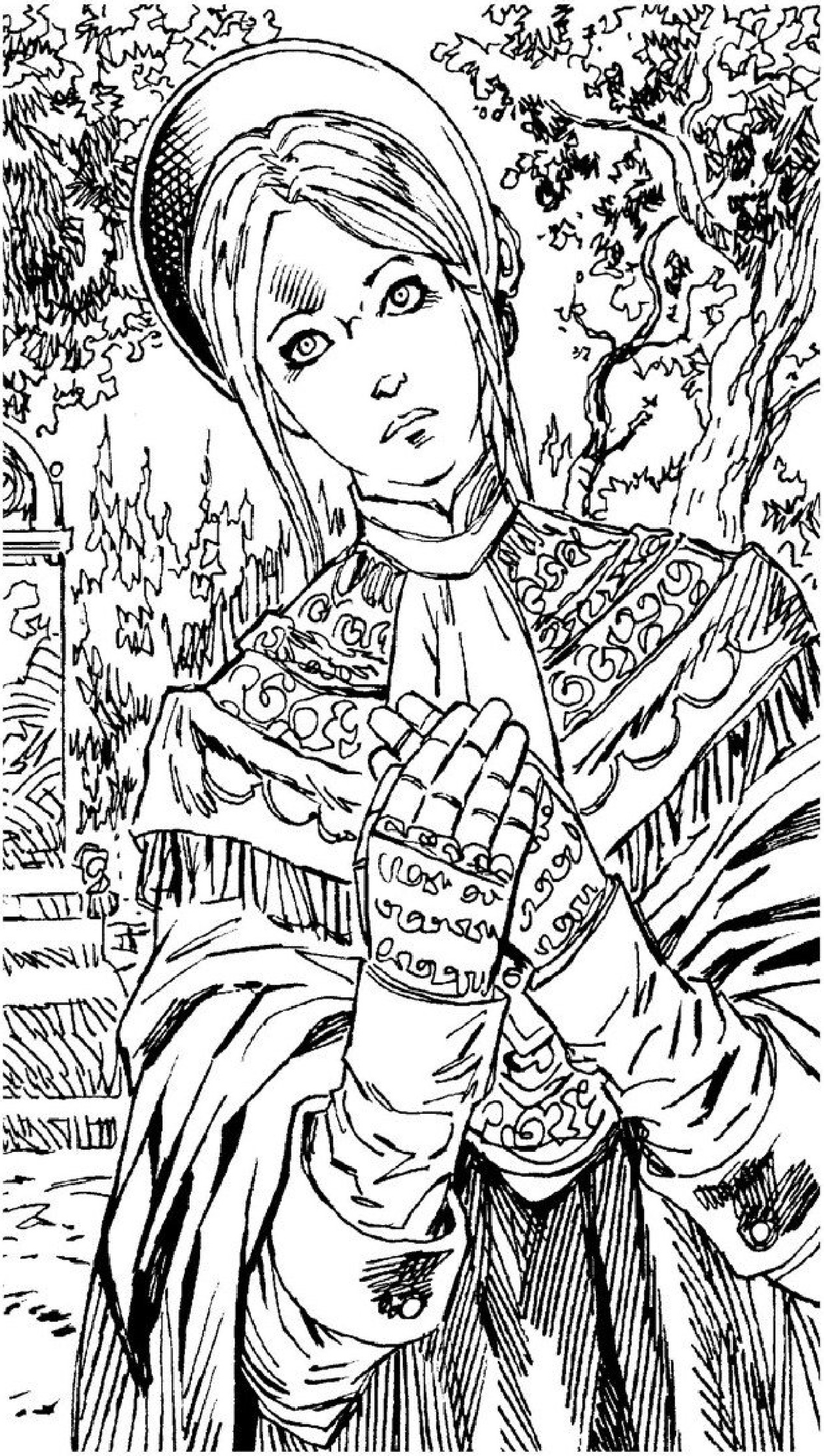
The Hunter is up now, brushing the dirt off their knees with one hand, using the saw cleaver as a support with the other. The doll stands next to them, watching--

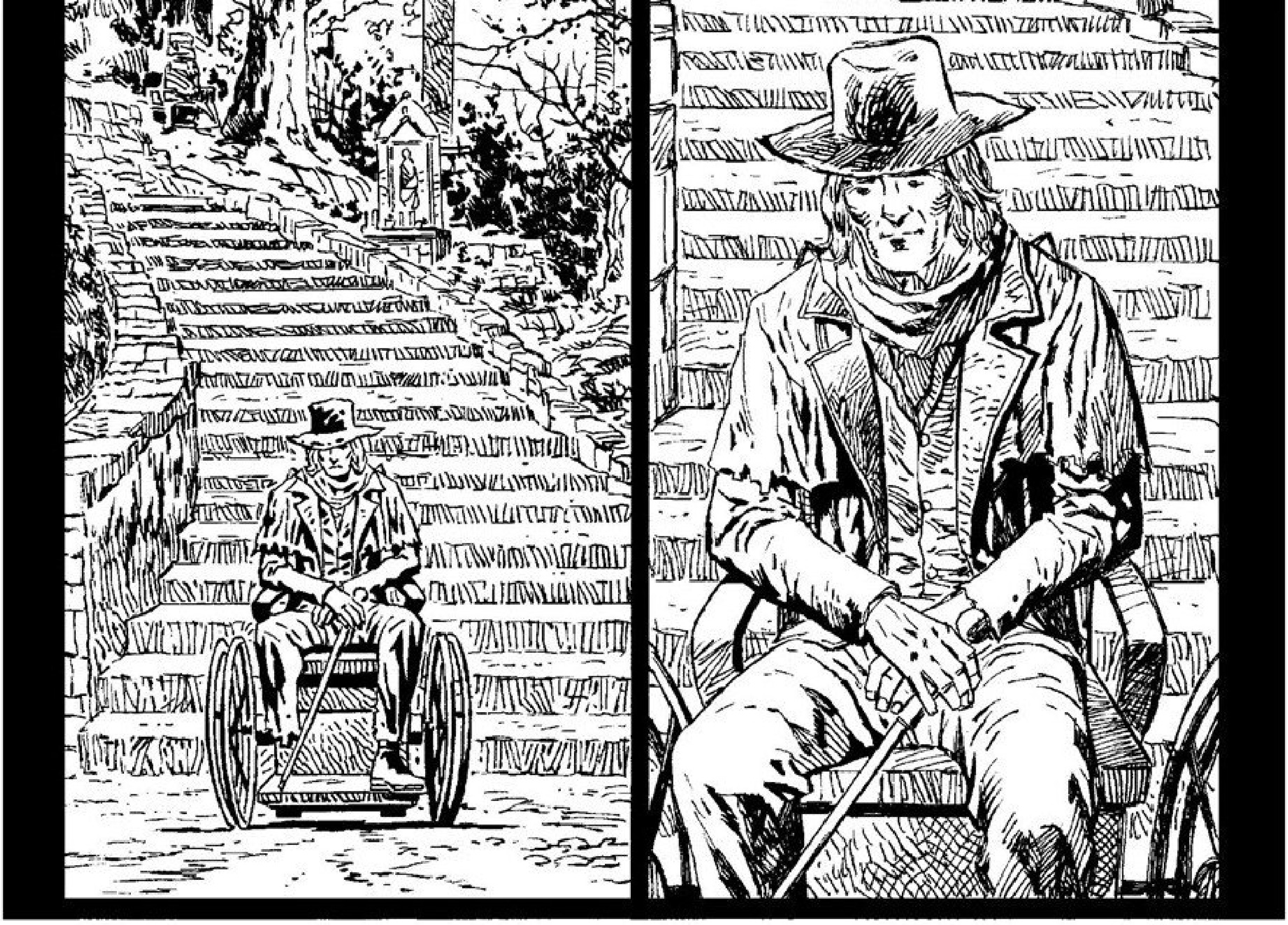
THE HUNTER: TO SLEEP. I DESIRE TO SLEEP. FOREVER.

PANEL 4

The doll seems surprised. Doesn't know how to answer. Does. Not. Compute.

GEHRMAN (from out of panel): TO SLEEP? ON THE NIGHT OF THE HUNT?





PAGE 19

PANEL 1

Gehrman, the first Hunter, almost smiles at us. It’s an almost-smile of the first Hunter, the man who is not fully his own, a man trapped in the Hunter’s dream, its warden.

He’s in a wheelchair, missing the leg, and he’s facing us, next to the steps. Behind him, the pillars rise from the fog.

Establishing panel, so the biggest on the page.

GEHRMAN: PLEASE, HUNTER.

GEHRMAN: I THINK NOT.

PANEL 2

Closer on Gehrman as he looks at us, his depressed eyes nevertheless showing great awareness and intelligence--

GEHRMAN: THIS TERRIBLE HUNTER’S DREAM.

GEHRMAN: WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE FREE OF IT, HUNTER?

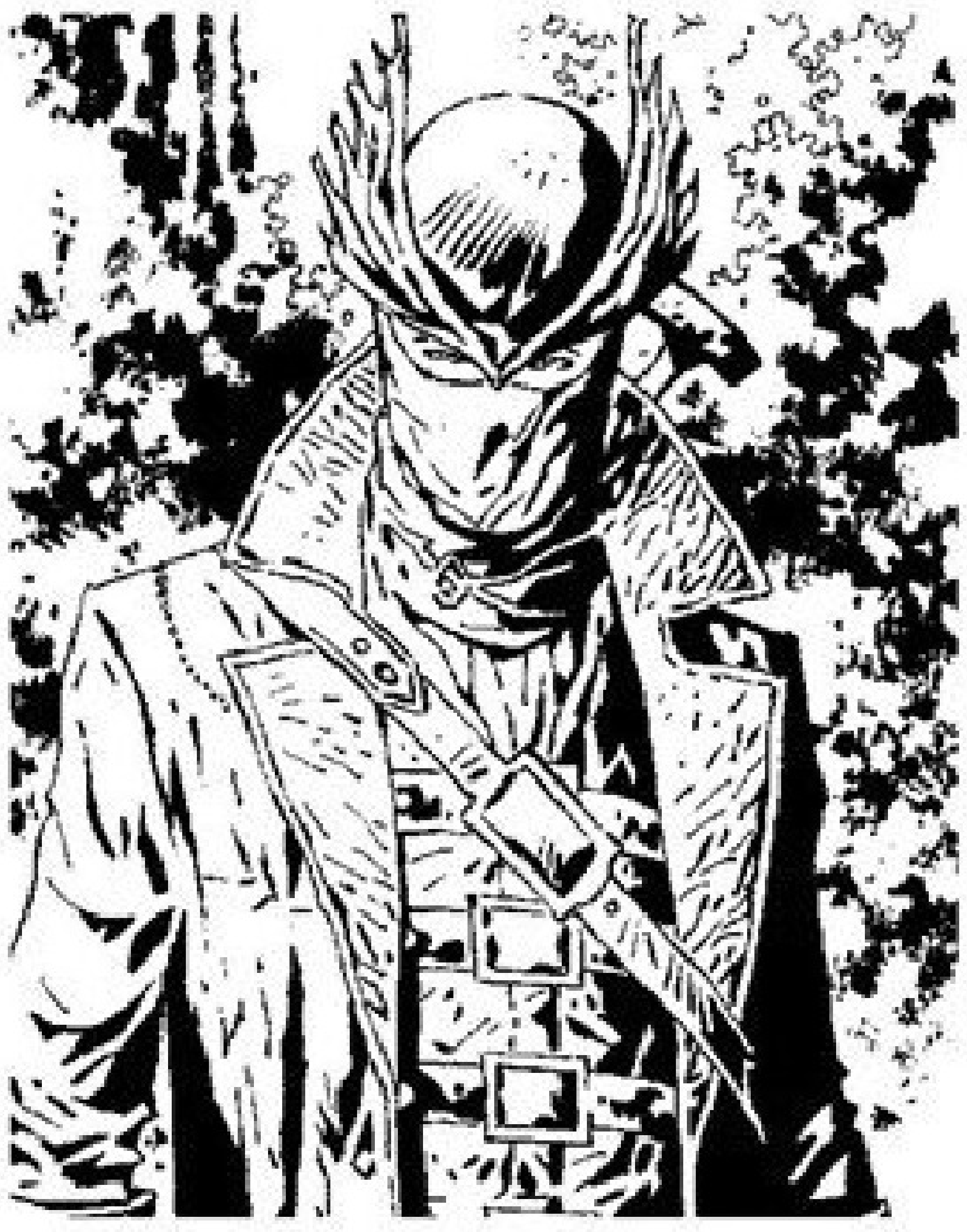
PANEL 3

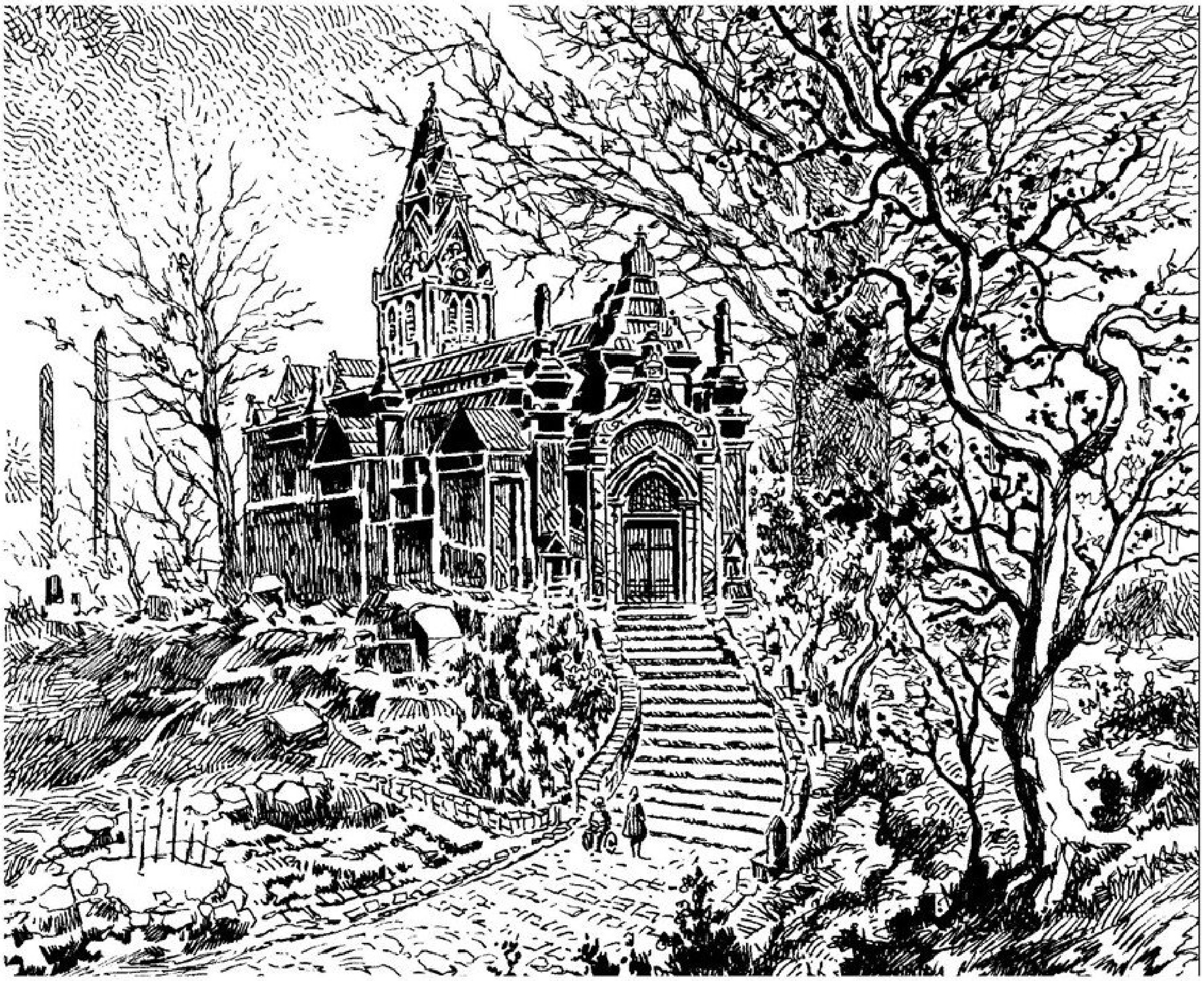
The Hunter doesn’t answer.

PANEL 4

Another one of Gehrman’s pained half-smiles.

GEHRMAN: THEN SEEK PALEBLOOD TO TRANSCEND THE HUNT.





PAGE 20

PANEL 1

As our Hunter vanishes, standing next to the grave that transports them back to the Old Yharnam, Gehrman and the Doll watch, melancholic--

GEHRMAN: AND SO THE HUNTER GOES. BACK INTO THE NIGHTMARE.

PANEL 2

Close on Gehrman and the Doll, she empty but perhaps one day gaining consciousness...he still conscious but emptying more and more every year.

GEHRMAN: I AM TIRED, DOLL.

GEHRMAN: OH, TO BE FREED OF THE NIGHT, AND FIND DEATH OF SLEEP...

PANEL 3

Big panel.

An establishing shot of the house and the dream.

The Hunter's dream is a beautiful, strange place. Perhaps no-one should ever enter it.

GEHRMAN: ...THE WAIT IS TAKING SO VERY LONG.

PAGE 21

And now, for something different: Piotr, this is where we do a 5-panel sequence of the earlier parts of the story that we've already seen, showing the Hunter go through them again. Specifically, all in wide panels:

PANEL 1

...is a reproduction of the opening splash page. Here we go again -- opening the doors and entering the Old Yharnam.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): DOES IT EVER END?

PANEL 2

...is a reproduction of the moment the Hunter chopped off the head of the first beast that attacked--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): I AM AWAKE AGAIN. AM I AWAKE?

PANEL 3

...the cathedral door opening, Djura standing inside, talking to us again--

DJURA: WELCOME BACK, MY FRIEND.

PANEL 4

The child, looking at us, while the drops of paleblood drip down its arm after it dented its skin to show us--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): I MUST GO INTO THE LIGHT. I MUST SEEK PALEBLOOD...

PANEL 5

Djura, running out of the door while we, the Hunter, are crouched to the child--

THE HUNTER: CHILD. LISTEN.

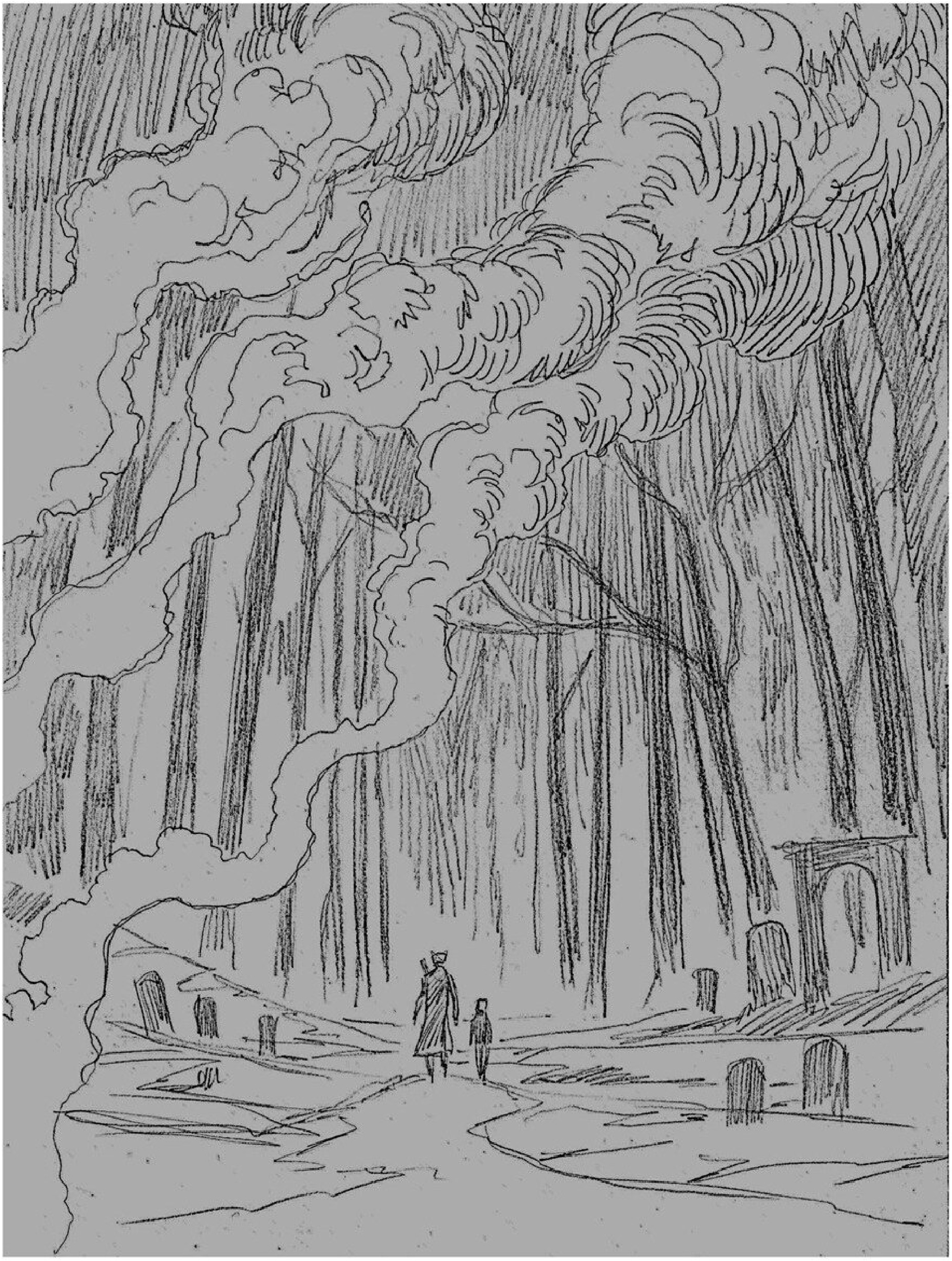
THE HUNTER: WE MUST GO ON A JOURNEY.

PAGE 22

Splash page.

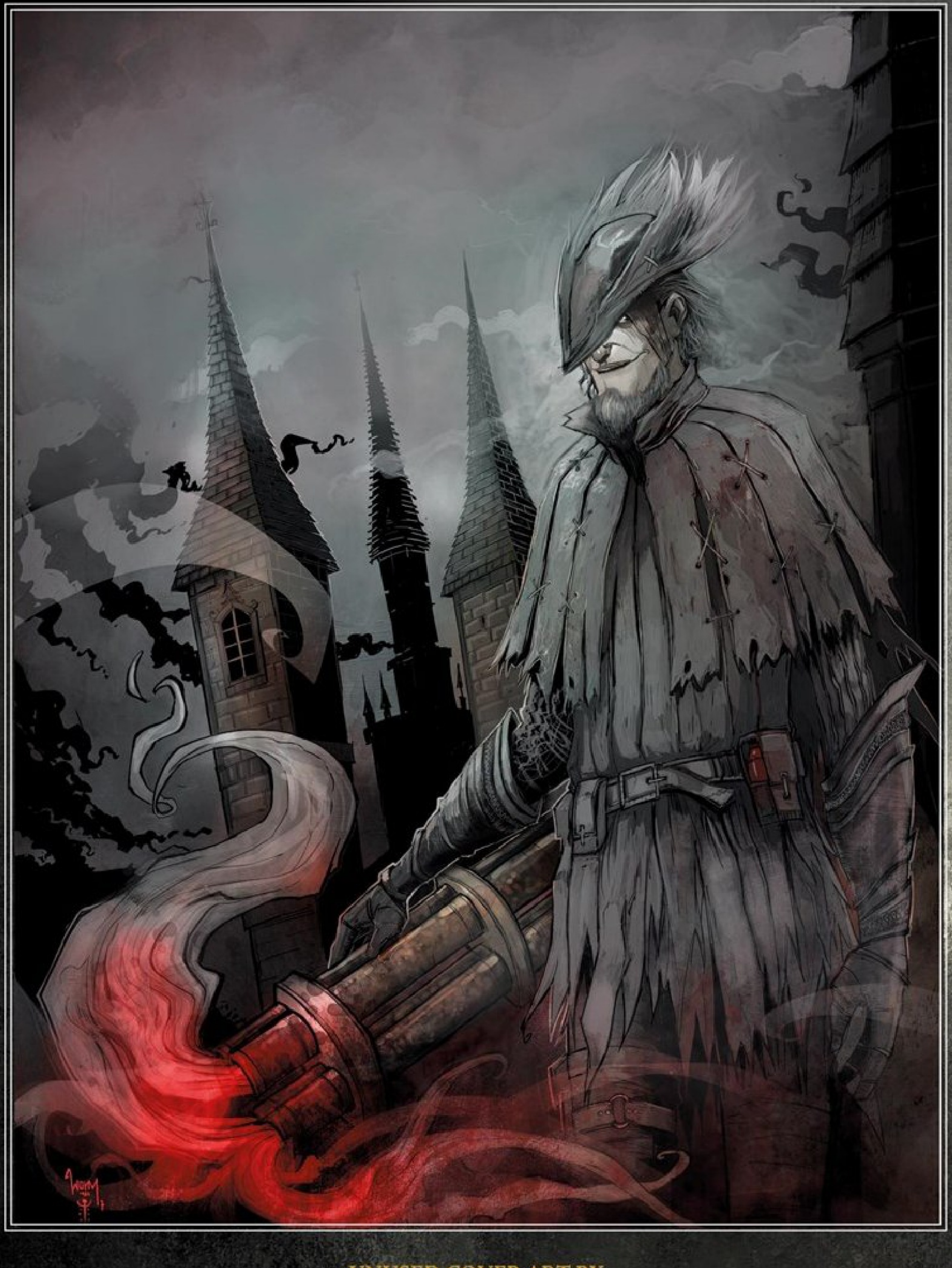
As the Old Yharnam burns behind them, the Hunter and the child descend down and away from it -- down the steps leading towards the Forbidden Woods, and towards a great, horrific journey.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): ...AND LEAVE THE NIGHTMARE.

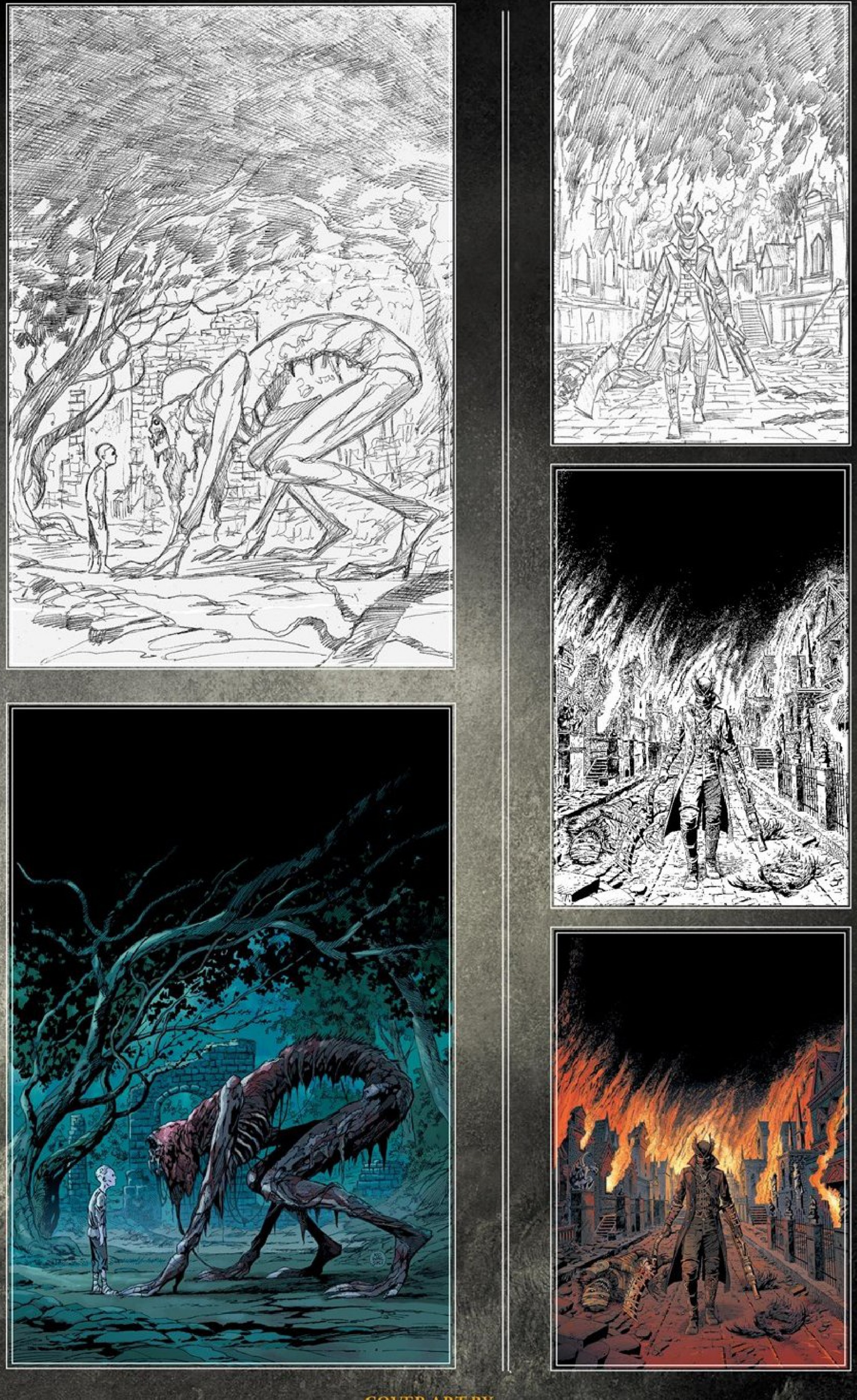


COVER ART PROCESS

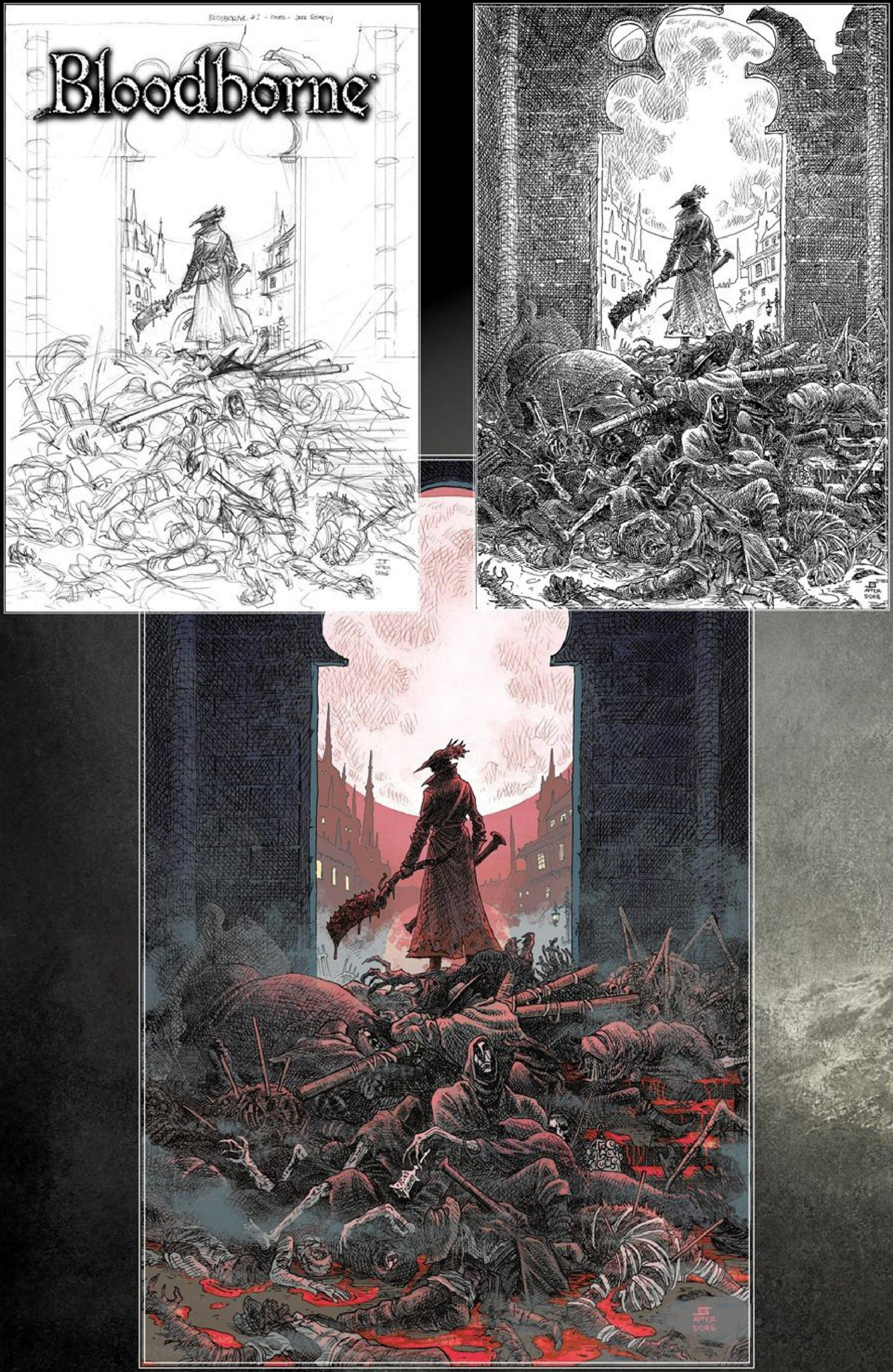
Here we reveal how various cover illustrations are created, from thumbnail concepts to the beautifully horrific finished pieces.



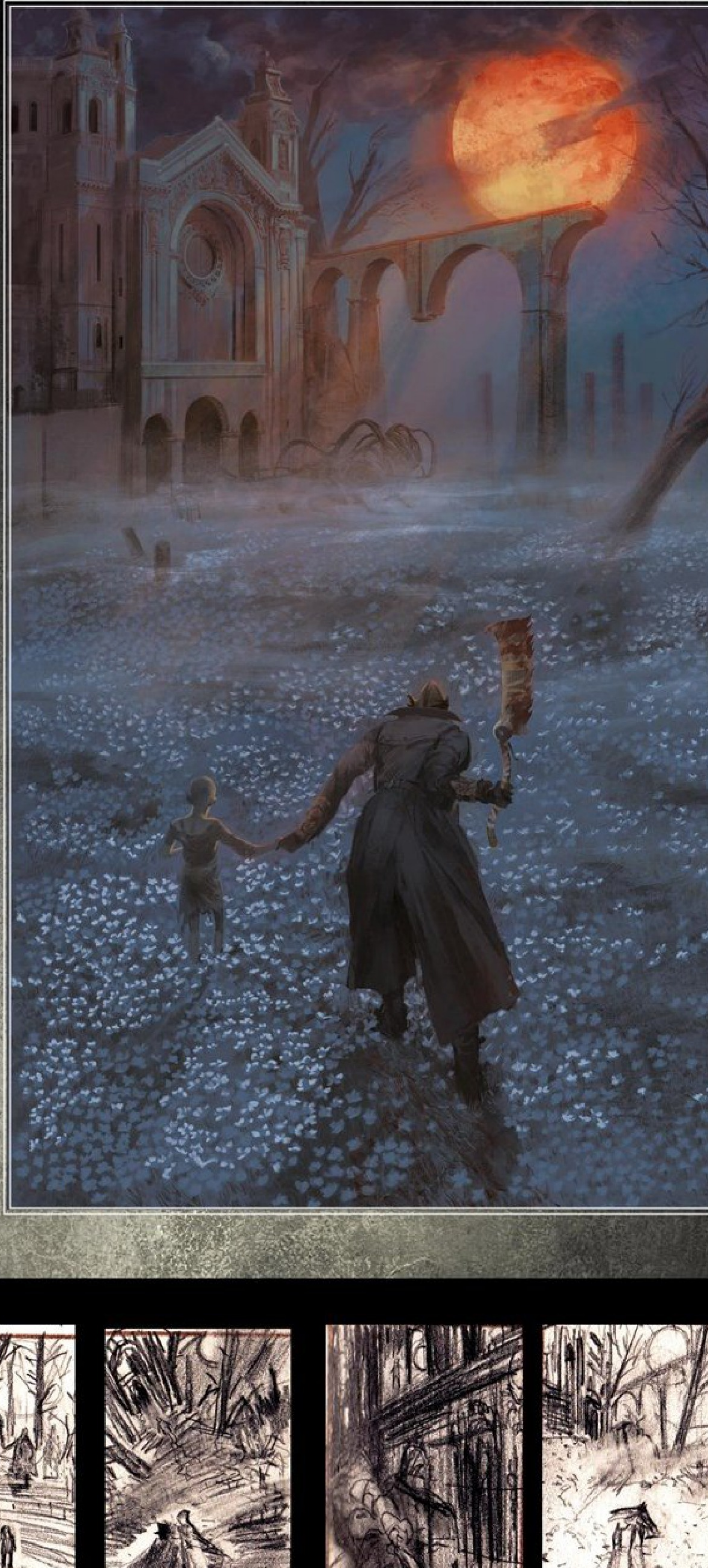
UNUSED COVER ART BY
DAMIEN WORM



COVER ART BY
PIOTR KOWALSKI & BRAD SIMPSON


BLOODBORNE #1 - COVER - JEFF STOKELY
Bloodborne
AFTER DORE

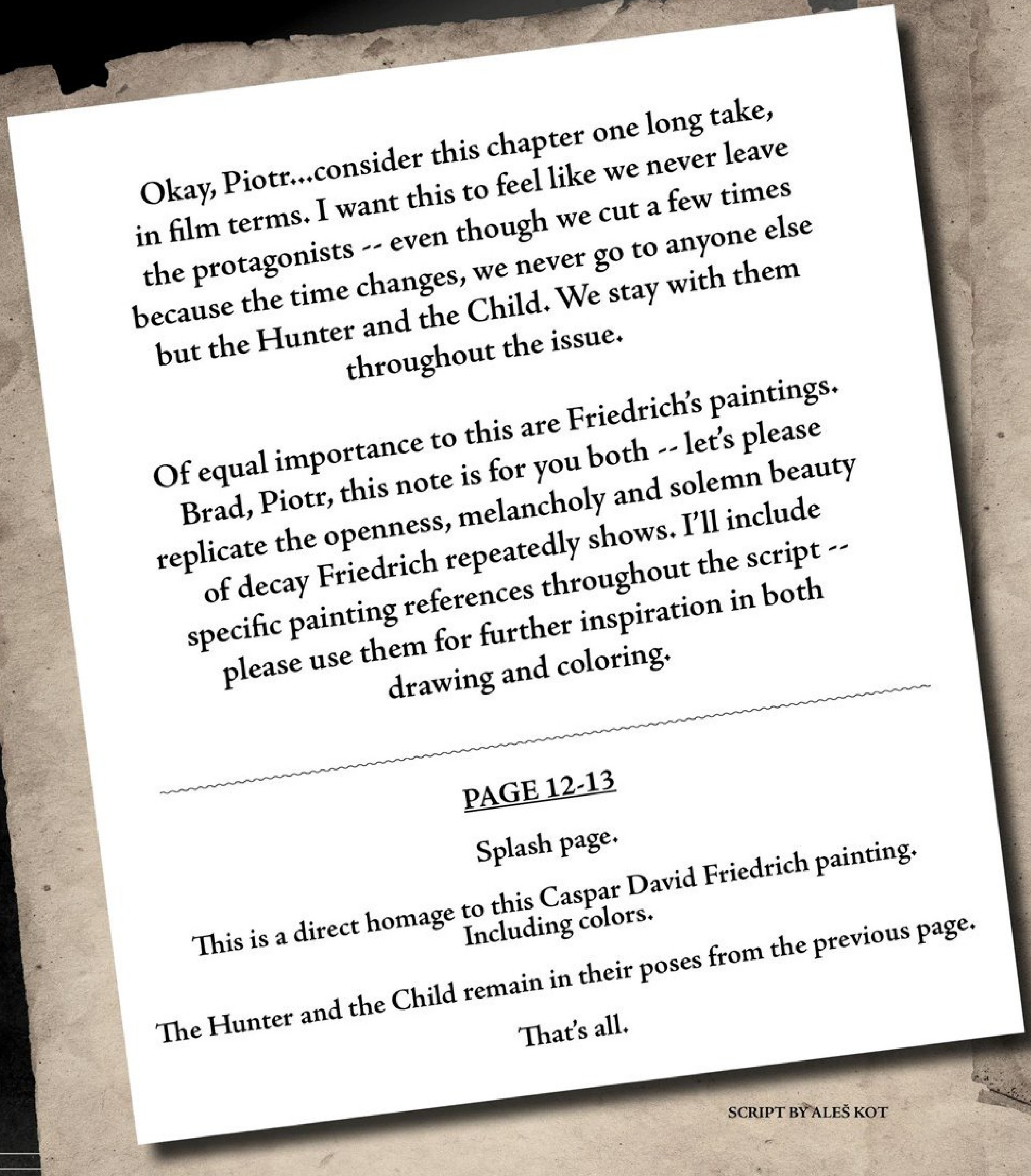
COVER ART BY
JEFF STOKELY



COVER ART BY
VANESA DEL REY

ART PROCESS

Here's a quick glimpse into the artistic process required to bring the horrors and gnarled beauty of *Bloodborne* to the page.



Okay, Piotr...consider this chapter one long take, in film terms. I want this to feel like we never leave the protagonists -- even though we cut a few times because the time changes, we never go to anyone else but the Hunter and the Child. We stay with them throughout the issue.

Of equal importance to this are Friedrich's paintings. Brad, Piotr, this note is for you both -- let's please replicate the openness, melancholy and solemn beauty of decay Friedrich repeatedly shows. I'll include specific painting references throughout the script -- please use them for further inspiration in both drawing and coloring.

PAGE 12-13

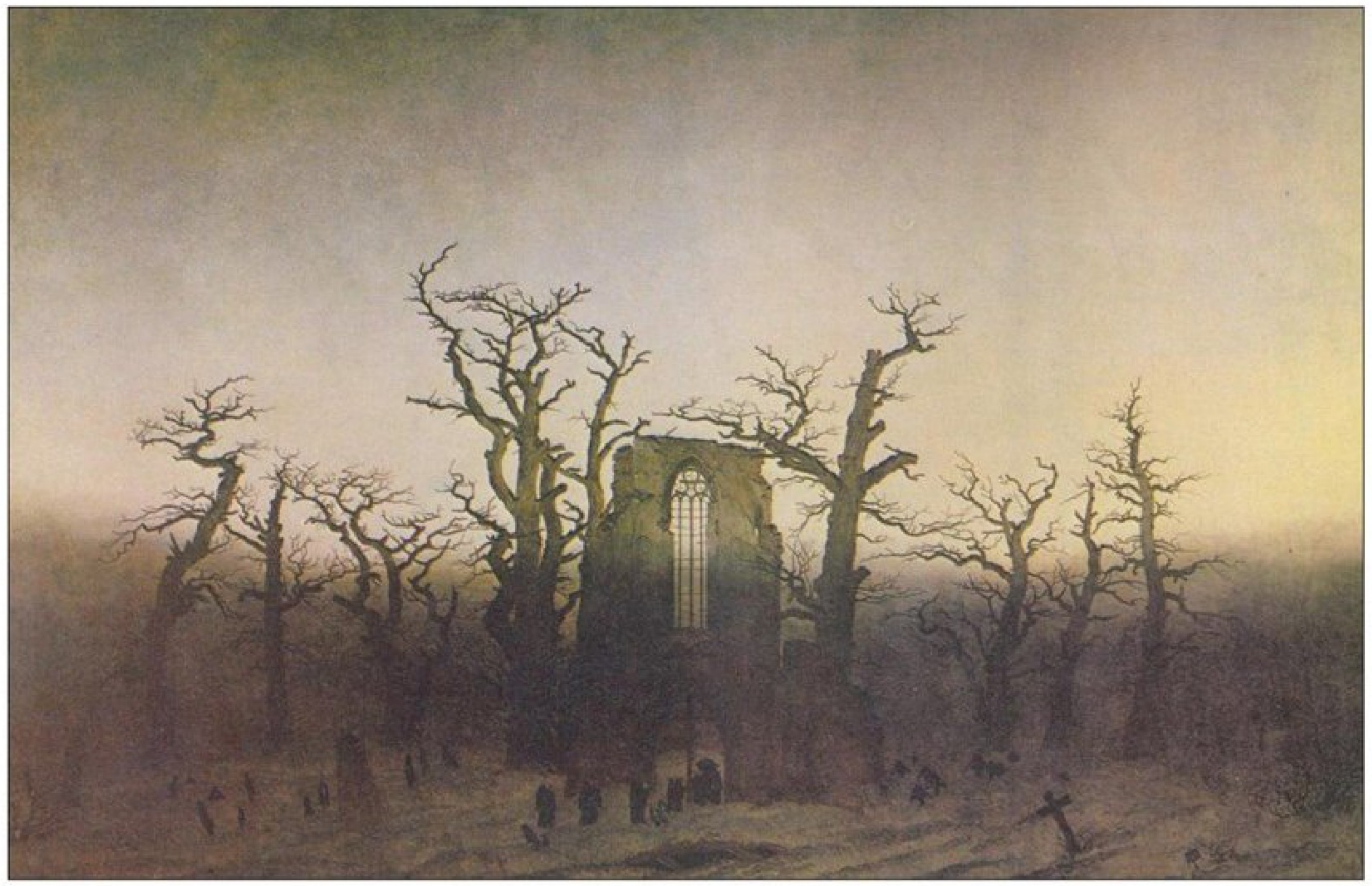
Splash page.

This is a direct homage to this Caspar David Friedrich painting. Including colors.

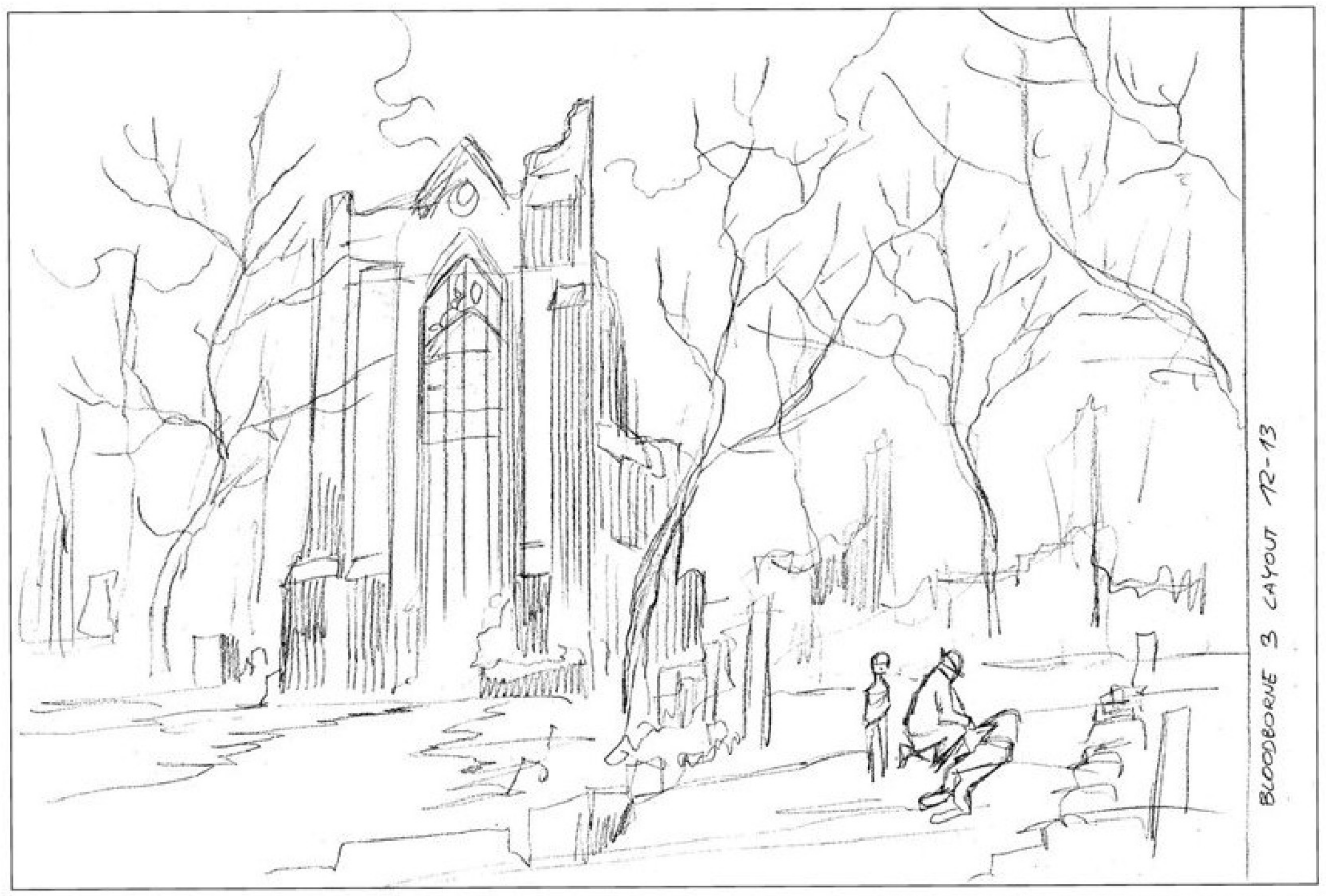
The Hunter and the Child remain in their poses from the previous page.

That's all.

SCRIPT BY ALEŠ KOT

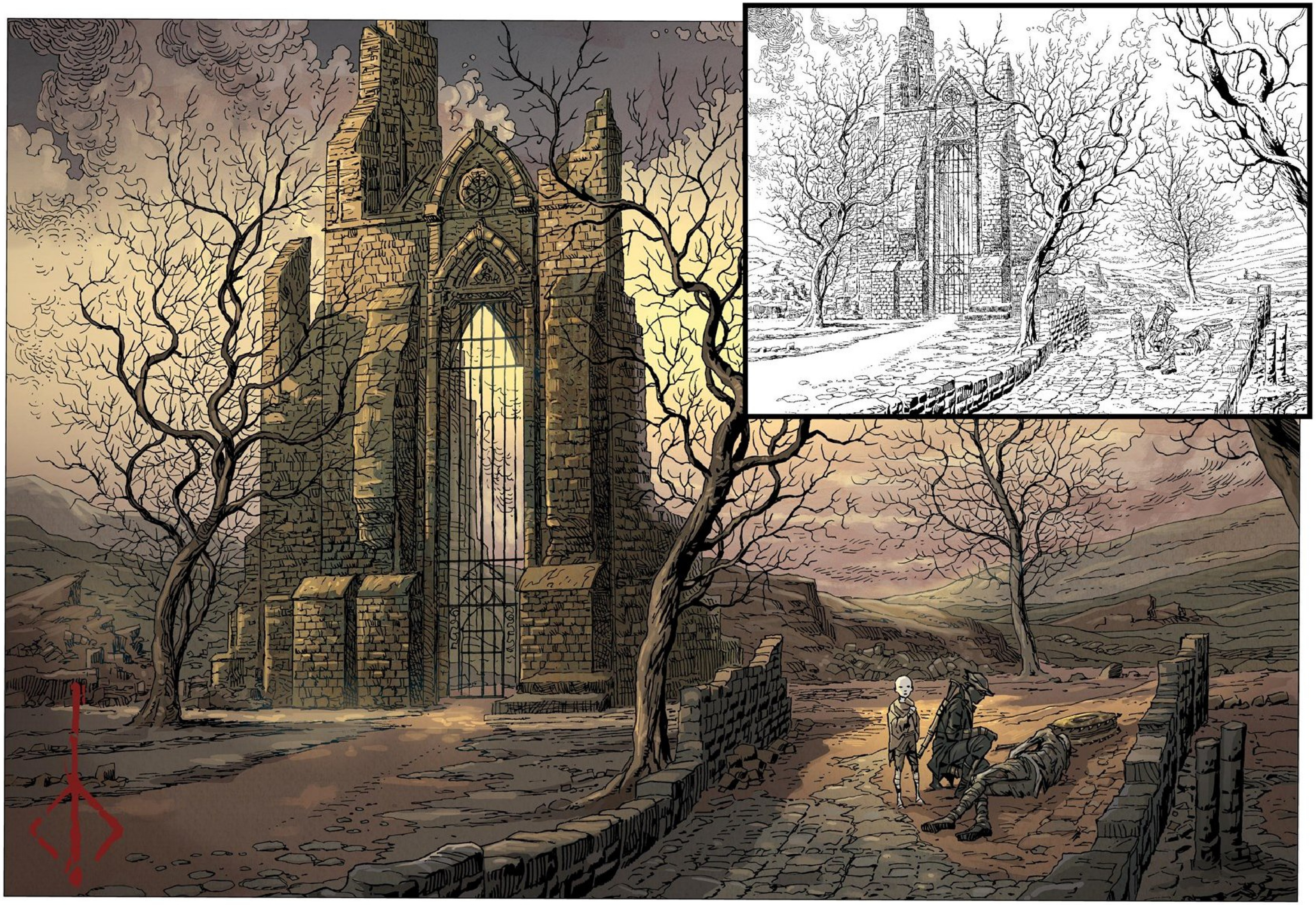


'THE ABBEY IN THE OAKWOOD' BY CASPAR DAVID FRIEDRICH



THUMBNAILS BY PIOTR KOWALSKI

INKS BY PIOTR KOWALSKI



COLORS BY BRAD SIMPSON

PAGE 14

Splash page.

The Hunter faces the Blood-Starved Beast.

In between them, most of the cathedral, and the chaos.

More beasts pouring in.

We are behind the Hunter.

The Blood-Starved Beast stars at us from the door, now fully visible.

The fire spreads, illuminating it--

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): ...YOU.

THE HUNTER (CAPTION): ...AGAIN?

I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO FOCUS ON THE HUNTER VS THE BEAST SITUATION, SO WHAT ALES DESCRIBED FOR THE BACKGROUND CAN BE EASILY SHOWED IN PREVIOUS PAGE, IN MY OPINION.

Bloodborne

BEHIND THE VISION

ALEŠ KOT

As a massive fan of the game, how easy was the transition from player to writer?
It was like slipping back into my weekly blood bath. Warm, restful, rejuvenating. I've played the game so thoroughly over the past two years, researched the lore, and enjoyed it so much, that the only challenge was and continues to be adhering to the same high standard I feel from the game itself, from Miyazaki-san, and from Fromsoftware. I'm committed to creating something that fits into the world seamlessly and furthers it while being fully aligned with the story, ideas, aesthetics, and characters of the game. So it's a lot of work, a lot of thinking that doesn't necessarily go on the page -- but it's work I do with joy, because I love writing Bloodborne very, very much.

***Bloodborne* (and Hidetaka Miyazaki directed games in general) is notorious for its open-ended lore and hidden plot points. Did you find this a challenge when tackling the comic?**
Not at all. I love experiencing and telling stories that are simultaneously dense and obscure, with a story that can be followed directly while allowing for getting lost in a variety of its threads. I'm into narrative ambiguity, and much of the art that affects me the most is more interested with asking questions than giving answers. The key is striking a balance between both: take you on a journey one can get lost in.

Apart from the game itself, were there any other sources (film, art, music) that inspired your writing on the series?
So much, but mostly works that are already present in *Bloodborne*'s DNA. Paintings of Caspar David Friedrich, Francis Bacon and Zdzislaw Beksinski. Bram Stoker's Dracula, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein, H.P. Lovecraft's work. Manga like Berserk. Music from the game, but also the new albums by Chelsea Wolfe, Zola Jesus, lots of dark ambient/drone. Laird Barron's writing and Alphonso Cuaron's Children of Men.

You're working with artist Piotr Kowalski on this series. What makes him the best collaborator for a title like *Bloodborne*?
Piotr's an artist who can draw pretty much anything, but much of his work is rooted in the gothic, in horror, decay, the weird and the eerie. At the same time, he can create very dynamic pages, he plays around with architecture, and is very open to feedback and very committed to creating his best work to date. So I'm very happy with him, as I am with Brad Simpson, our resident colorist, who is furthering our work in ways both beautiful and horrifying.

How would you encourage fans of the game to approach the new comic series? How will it fit into the *Bloodborne* mythos for you?
Come see the Old Yharnam burn. Come see the child. Come see the moon hang lower, meet Iosefka and Djura one more time. Return to the fishing village. Retrace your steps in time. Discover another Hunter, one who tries to get away.

What about people unfamiliar with the games? Why should they pick up this comic?
Do you love horror? Do you love weird fiction? Do you love dark fantasy? Do you love inventive, fast-paced action? Do you love dense, intense ideas? Are you interested in theories of perception? Do you like blood? Are the Old Ones telling you to buy this comic now? If the answer to at least one of these is a positive one, I suggest you jump in for a ride that blends all of those, all already mentioned in the other answers, and much more. There is no world like the world of *Bloodborne,* and the Old Ones require fresh substrate. I mean, uh, readers.

PIOTR KOWALSKI

It's been ten years since the critically-acclaimed videogame was first released. How does it feel to have been a part of this franchise for so long?

It is truly remarkable. I had played the game before I was chosen to draw the comic so I was familiar with its lore and dark atmosphere. And I had seen the *Bloodborne* artbook printed around that time. All the sketches, designs, paintings and layouts included in that book left me speechless. I still remember thinking: Damn, I wish I had been among that creative team, it must have been so great and gratifying to become a part of the *Bloodborne* universe. Now, after all those years, I think I can proudly say that I am a tiny part of it.

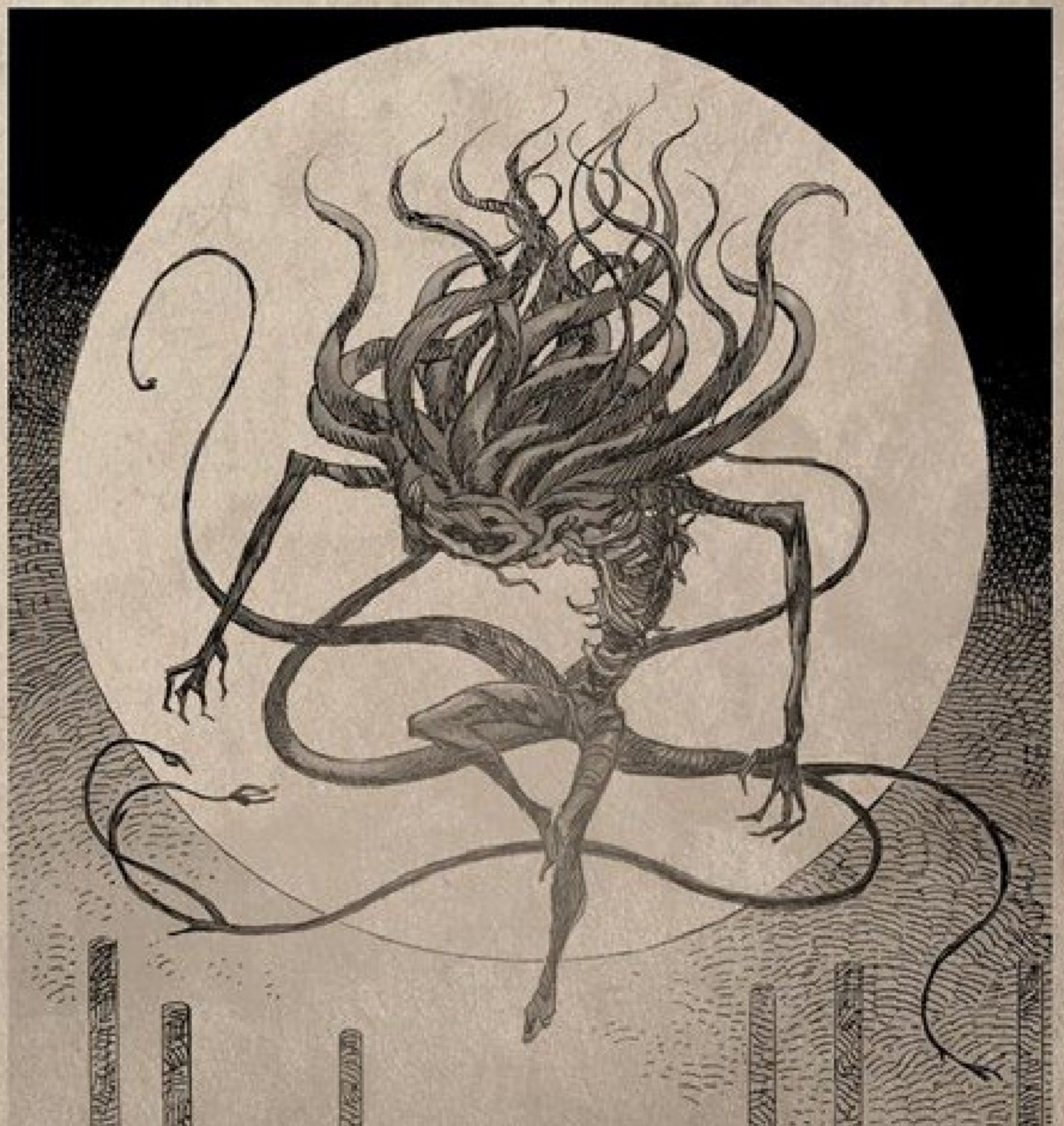
What first drew you to the project?
Just the name BLOODBORNE. Oh, that means so much! I mean, if you are a horror and dark fantasy fan you have to appreciate this game! It is a stunningly creepy, genuinely scary and wonderfully haunting world! And for an artist it is an endless well of inspiration.

How did you approach working on *Bloodborne* comics in comparison to other projects you've done?
It wasn't easy. For obvious reasons I had to stay true to the source material but I also had to add something new to it. Art-wise what was new was a different medium, a comic book adaptation and my own drawing style, but I wanted to go beyond that. I decided to create new environments, new corridors, new buildings, new dark alleys, new landscapes. When I look at my pages now and try to compare the *Bloodborne* series to other projects I worked on I think that what was truly crucial was finding the proper balance between maintaining the original vision of the game creators and my private desire to put my own stamp on it. Because obviously, there were borders I could not cross – it required a lot of discipline and diligence.

Has anything changed in your process or perspective when creating the comic art since this first volume?
I think that drawing *Bloodborne* was an enormous step forward in my perception of my own artistic capabilities. I feel more confident now. A comic artist must be able to draw everything. I mean, EVERYTHING. A pile of bodies, demons hiding within a cloud, a floating spirit, a diver suspended in dark underwater limbo, a madman roaming the streets of a dying city...You could say that it comes with the job – this is what you do when you draw comics. But you have to be confident you can do it WELL. And now I am.

Do you have a favorite volume or moment from the entire *Bloodborne* comics run?
The story of Eileen is my favorite chapter. Aleš Kot and I did something which is, sadly, very rare – we wrote a poem. The whole chapter is a poem. And that is how you should look at it. It's a poetic journey into the mind and soul of someone who feels alone, lost, unsure, possibly very frightened and tormented by painful memories. A beautiful volume.

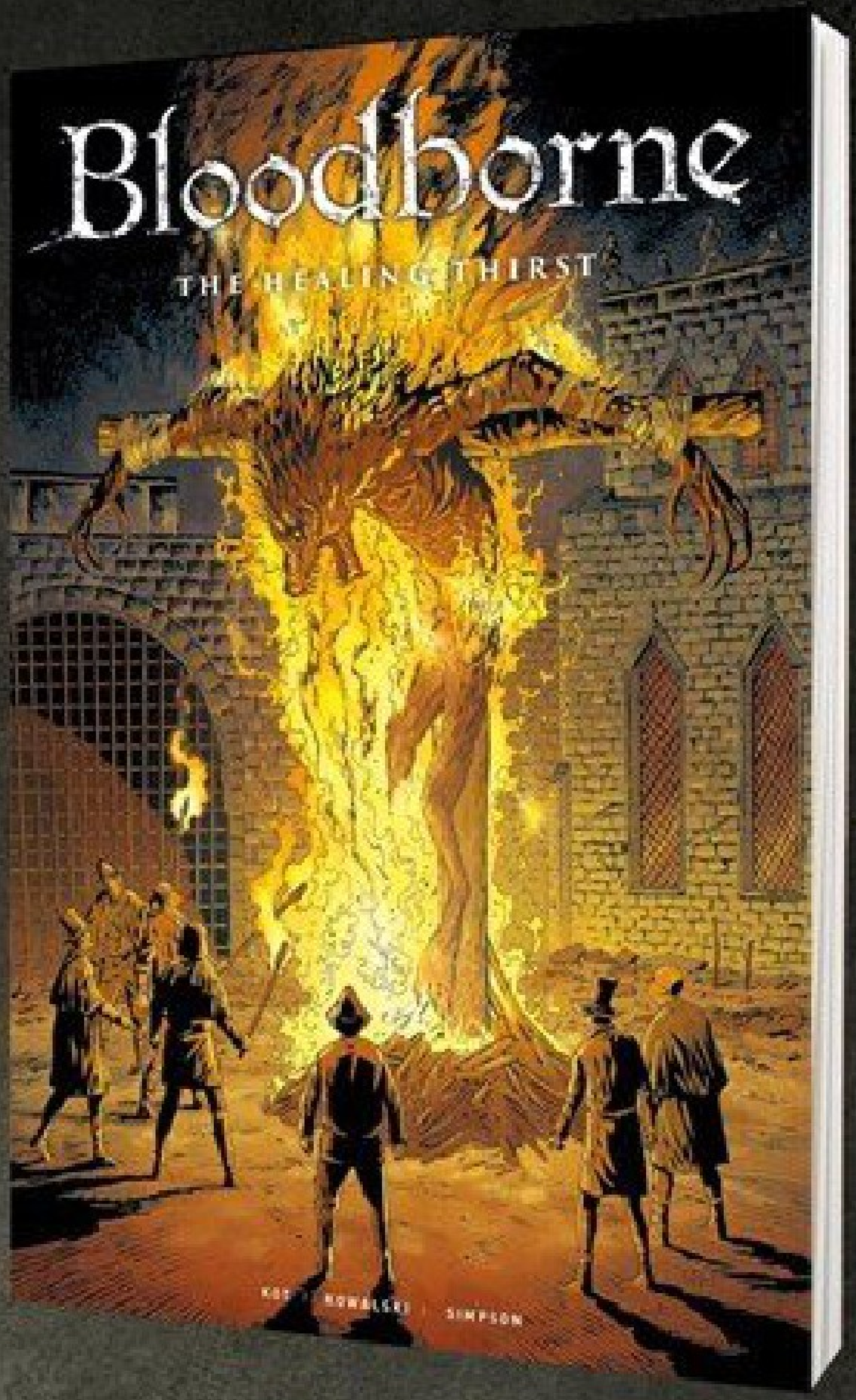
For anyone picking up this comic for the first time, what would you say to encourage them to dive deeper into the series?
I can say this: when you open the comic, when you look at the first page, brace yourself. Prepare yourself for an exceptional ride, enter this world calmly, carefully, keep an open mind and read between the lines, for clues will have to be found and guidelines will remain hidden if you do not pay attention. After all, it is often a big puzzle and some bits of it may not fit the whole picture at first. But trust me, they do.



'WHETHER YOU'VE PLAYED OR NOT, THIS IS A NIGHTMARE WORTH DREAMING!' - IO9.COM

Bloodborne
THE DEATH OF SLEEP
KOT | KOWALSKI | SIMPSON

BLOODBORNE :
THE DEATH OF SLEEP


Bloodborne
THE HEALING THIRST
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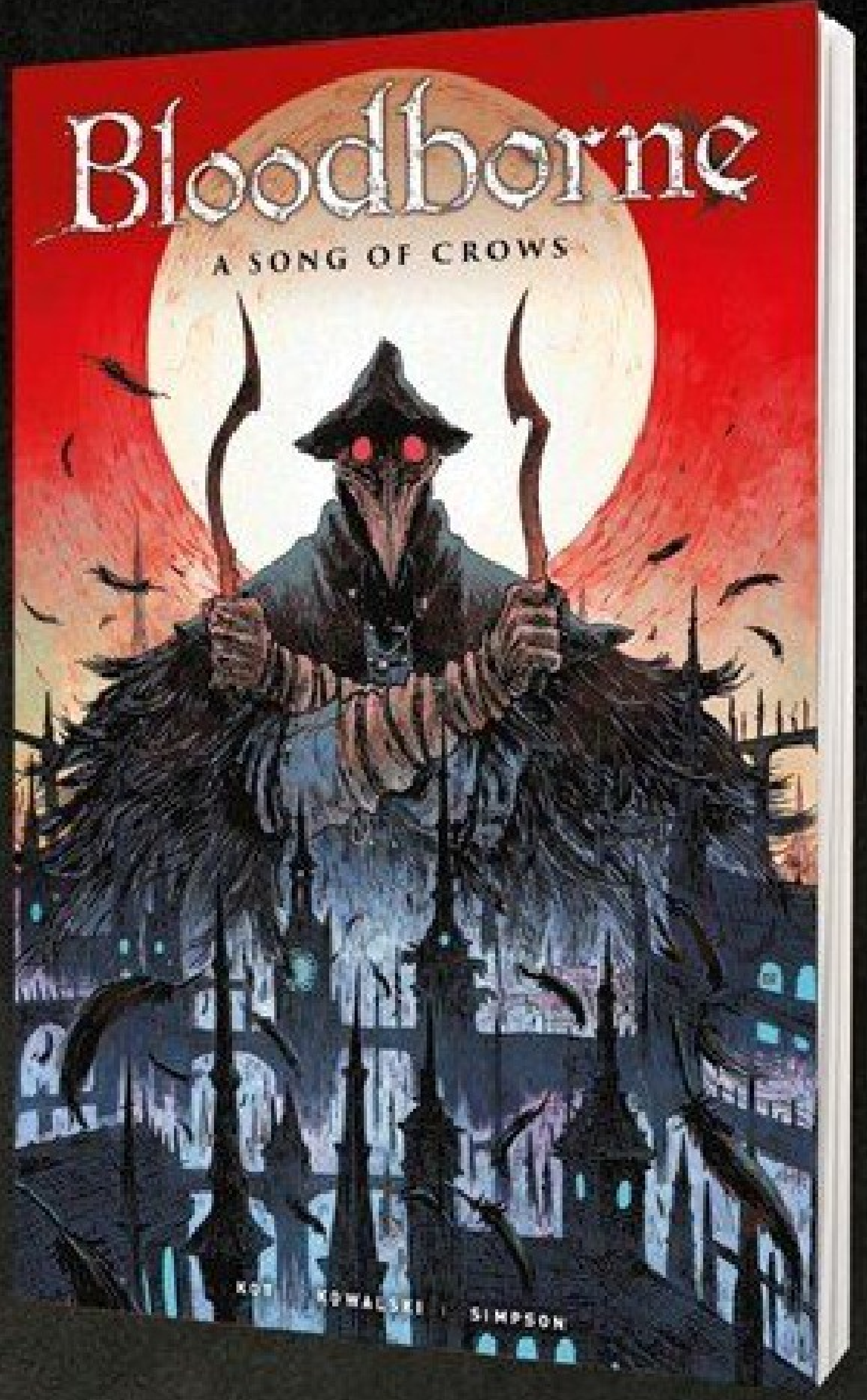
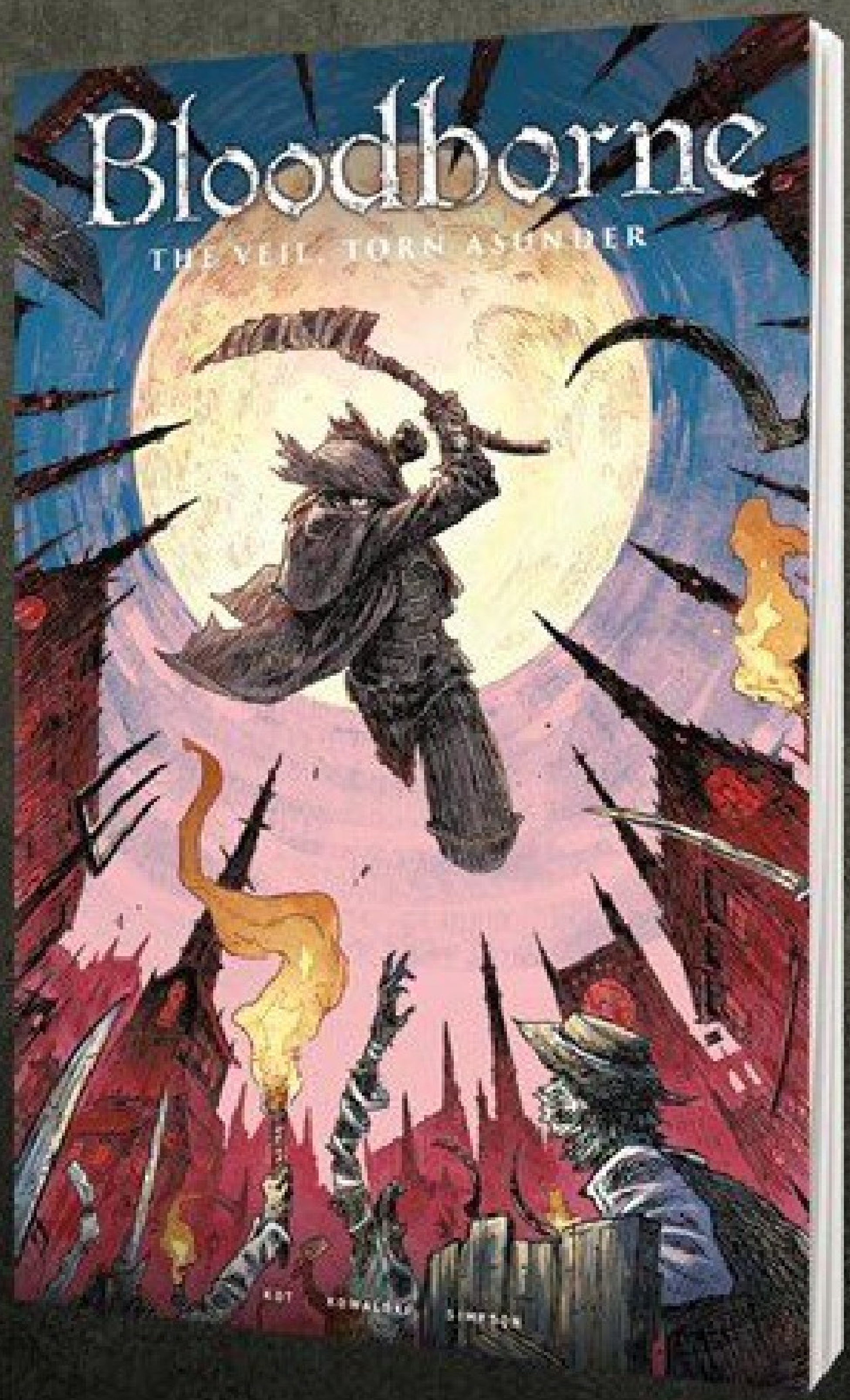
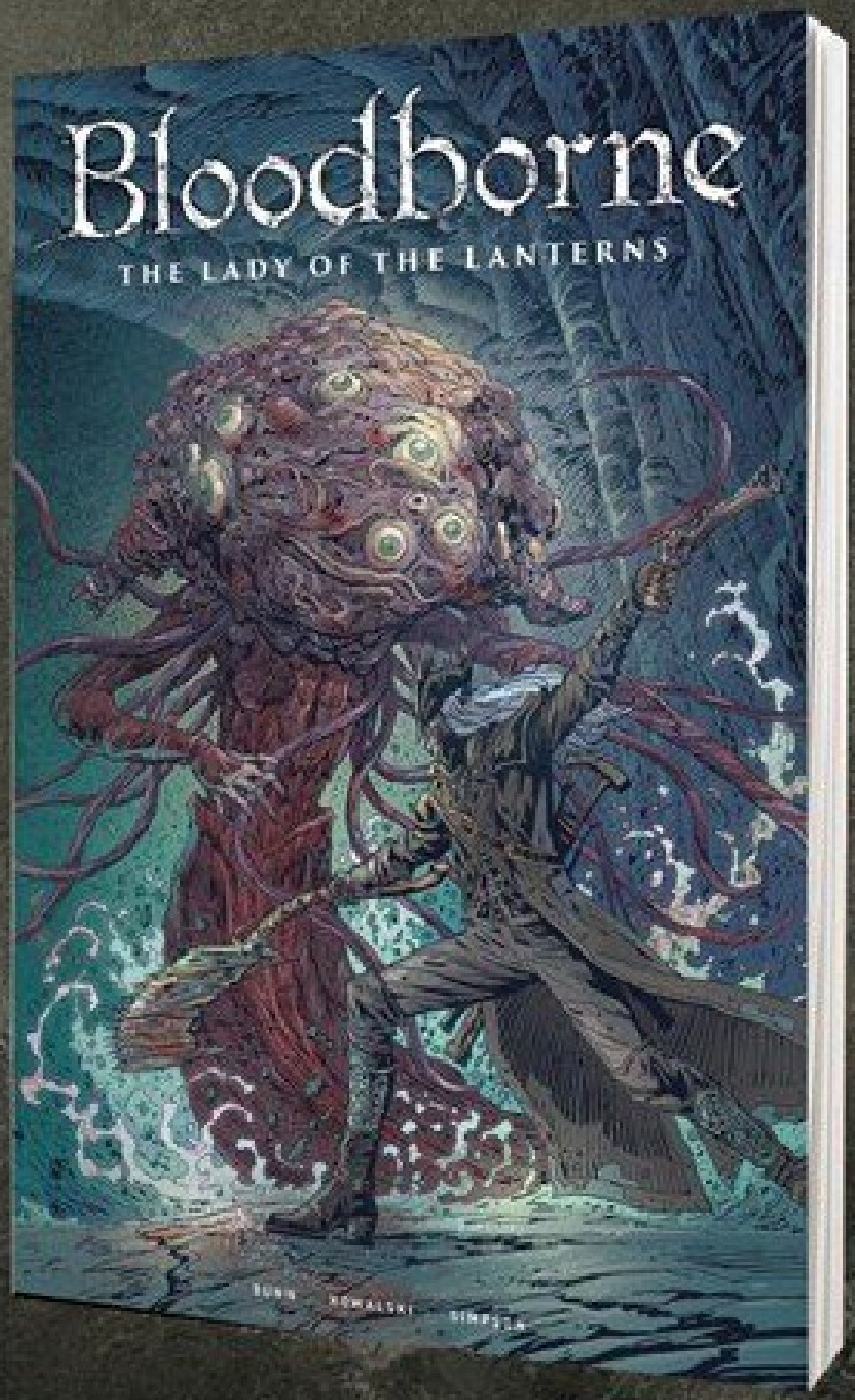
BLOODBORNE :
THE HEALING THIRST


Bloodborne
A SONG OF CROWS
KOT | KOWALSKI | SIMPSON

BLOODBORNE :
A SONG OF CROWS


Bloodborne
THE VEIL, TORN ASUNDER
KOT | KOWALSKI | SIMPSON

BLOODBORNE :
THE VEIL, TORN ASUNDER


Bloodborne
THE LADY OF THE LANTERNS
BUNN | KOWALSKI | SIMPSON

BLOODBORNE :
THE LADY OF THE LANTERNS

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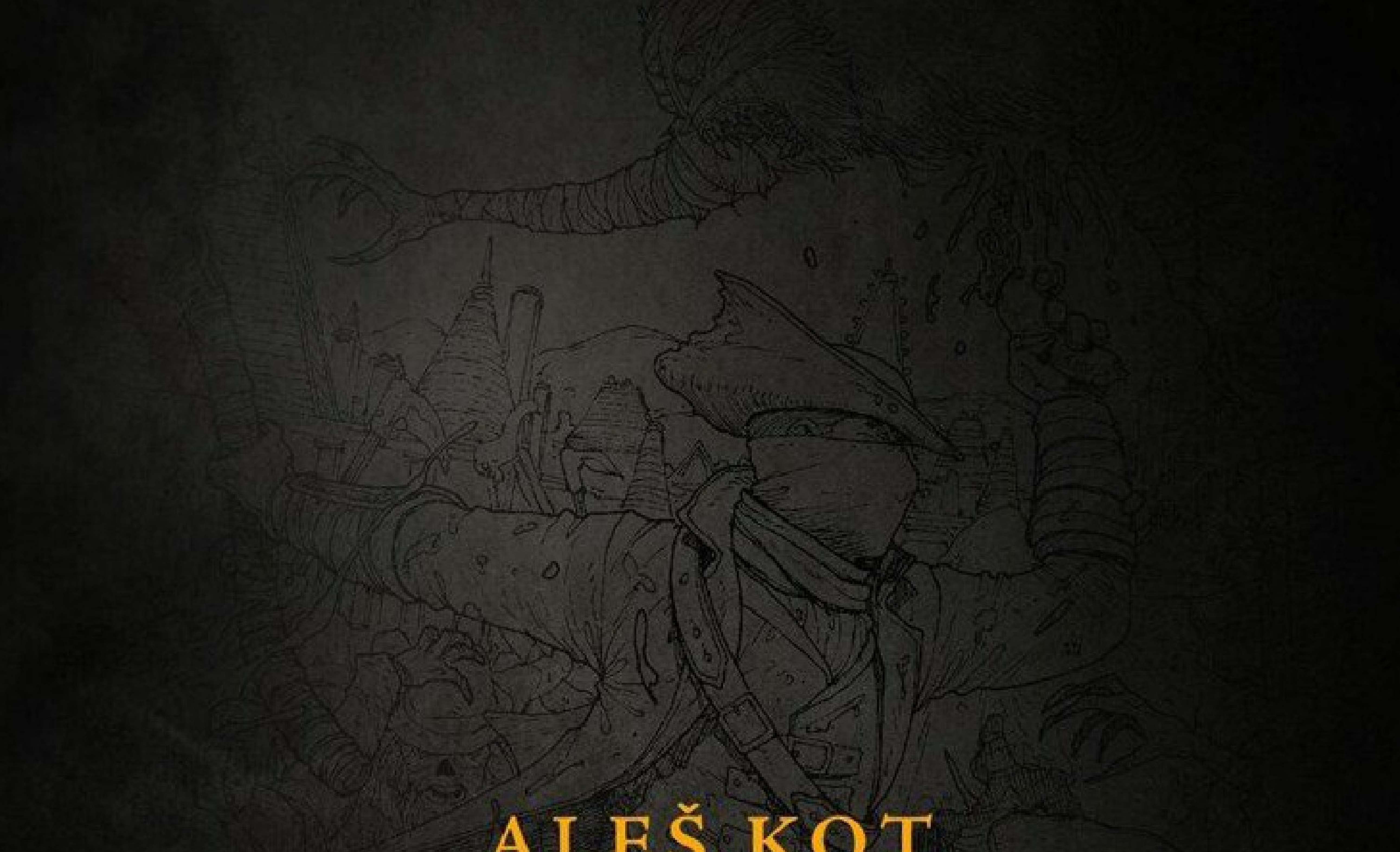
CREATOR BIOS



ALEŠ KOT

ALEŠ KOT is a writer, director and producer with primary focus on film, comics, television and video games. He's responsible for politically-charged Image titles such as *Zero, Wolf, Material, Change, The Surface, Wild Children* and *Days of Hate*, comics which have received many accolades from media such as *Wired, The Guardian, The Hollywood Reporter, Entertainment Weekly*, and many others. He lives, unsurprisingly, mostly in Los Angeles.

PIOTR KOWALSKI

PIOTR KOWALSKI is a Polish comic book artist. Breaking into the French and Belgian markets with *Gail,* Kowalski's recent foray into the US comics has seen him tackle some of the industry's most iconic characters. Since then, Kowalski's dark foreboding style has appeared in a range of titles including *Robocop, 30 Days of Night, Marvel Knights: Hulk, The Dark Tower, Terminal Hero, Sex, Dark Souls* and Titan's *Wolfenstein* series.

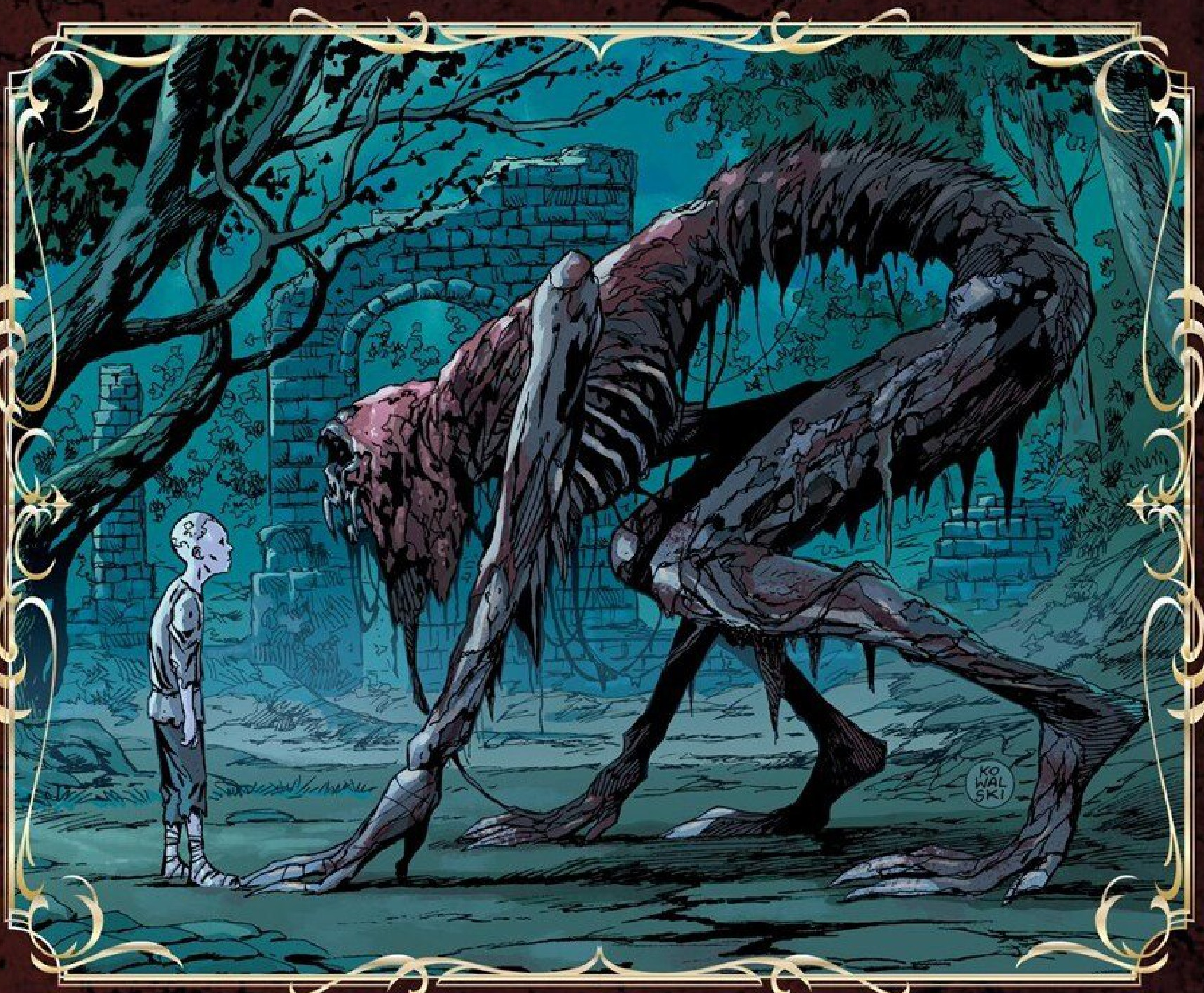
BRAD SIMPSON

BRAD SIMPSON is an American comic book colorist based in San Francisco. In addition to gracing the pages of many Marvel Comics titles such as *Deadpool, Vengeance,* and *The Amazing Spider-Man,* Simpson's stunning color choices have also proved invaluable in breathing life into such titles as *Godland, Sex, Sovereign, 30 Days of Night* and *The Witcher.*

ADITYA BIDIKAR

ADITYA BIDIKAR is a comic book letterer and calligrapher. Best known for his hand-drawn approach, Bidikar has become one of the industry's most highly sought letterers, with his work appearing in titles such as *Grant Morrison's 18 Days, Grafity's Wall, Paradiso, Winnebago Graveyard, Kid Lobotomy, Motor Crush* and *Drifter.*

DARE YOU RETURN TO THE NIGHTMARE...



Awakening in an ancient city plagued by a twisted endemic – where horrific beasts stalk the shadows and the streets run slick with the blood of the damned – a nameless Hunter embarks on a dangerous quest in search of Paleblood... his only escape from the endless Night of the Hunt...

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